THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Historical Society

Vol. LXV No 3—E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 15th, 1925.

FRED RUSSELL
Dealer in HAY AND GRAIN
East Street, Napanee
'Phone 406

Surveying and Engineering
T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.
Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.
NAPANEE, ONT.
Phone 385. Box 139.
15tf

DOXSEE & CO.

MILLINERY

We are anxious to clear out the balance of our winter stock of TRIMMED HATS, including French and New York Models....
PRICES NO OBJECT
TO CLEAR.

SCARFS

Crepe de Chene, Georgette, Silk Knit, in all the newest designs and colors.

—NECKWEAR,
—And NOVELTIES,
—CORSETS and
—BRASSIERS
A SPECIALTY

The Leading Millinery House

LILLE'S GREY SHOPPE

To the lady who is particular about the Hat she wears :

We Guarantee not to sell two Hats alike.

See our new Millinery Display first and satisfy yourself that we are giving you the best in style and values.

SPECIAL!
VELVETS AT $2.85

We have on hand a new lot of SWEATERS for infants. All wool, hand-made, dainty Sweaters. Regular from $2.50 to $3.50.
AT $1.50
SEE

Lille's Grey Shoppe
—FIRST
Few doors west of Campbell House

Christmas Gifts !
FOR ALL
Men's Ties, Braces, Scarfs, and Garters.
Men's and Boys' Hockey Boots, Silk Wool Socks.
Boxed Handkerchiefs for Ladies, Children and Men, 1 to 6 in a box.....19c. up
A big lot of Assorted Handkerchiefs.....5c.. 10c.. 15c.

W.W.ADAMS
Men's Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

LOST—Bunch of keys in black leather keyhanger. Will finder kindly leave at Express Printing Office. 3-ap

TO RENT—The brick residence of Edward Wilson, west of West Ward school, apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee. 44-tf

ROOMERS WANTED (Lady)—Desirable rooms for one or two ladies. Apply MRS. STANLEY HUGHES, above Thompson Bros. Grocery. 1-bp

FOR SALE—A bargain for a quick buyer. Triplex Auto-Knitter, in good condition. Apply MRS. WALTER METCALFE, Market Square, Napanee. 3-tf

FOR SALE — Pedigreed White Wyandotte Cockerels. Dams records from 204 to 252 eggs. A. G. TAYLOR, Bridge street East, Napanee, Ont. 2-bp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FRAME BUILDING FOR SALE

The Midmer saw mill building near the Iron Works is offered at about one-tenth or less than the material cost. Apply E. J. ROY, Napanee Iron Works. 2-b

FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET—100 acres, Lot 1 in 3rd Con. of Camden, also 50 acres, Lot 5, in 4th Con. Camden. Well watered and fenced. Buildings in good repair. Apply to R. McQUAIG, on premises, Selby P.O.

WANTED AT ONCE—Four or five smart appearing men with a fair education, to work for Consolidated Press Co., Limited, all year work. Apply after 5.30 p.m. to O. S. BLACKSHAW at Miss Davy's, Dundas street. 44

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Terms reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

TO SELL OR RENT—Small house and barn, both in good shape, plenty of land for garden. TO SELL—50 acre farm, convenient to Napanee. Other large fams.
FOR SALE—Some good houses, all conveniences, nicely situated, garage and barns, etc. JAS. ED. CLARK, at Card's Garage. 5tf

FARM FOR SALE—The vendors are now in a position to sell by private sale the following described farm : Part of lot No. 3 in the 6th concession, Township of Richmond, containing 140 acres more or less, and part of west part of Lot No. 4 in the 7th concession, Township of Richmond, containing 15 acres more or less, being the farm known as the Joseph Lockridge farm. Dated November 25th, 1925. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister-at-law, Napanee, Ontario. 1-tf

FARM FOR SALE—The "Abbott Farm" situated two miles north east of the village of Selby, Township of Richmond, County of Lennox and Addington, containing 115 acres. This farm is in the highest state of cultivation and the buildings, all modern, have been kept in a perfect repair. Never failing wells and springs ensure an abundant supply of water. There is a fine plum sugar orchard, and sufficient wood for all requirements. Possession any time. Apply to MRS. A. W. ABBOTT, on the premises. 47

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE.

NOTICE is hereby given that Mary Elizabeth Williams, of the Township of Ernestown, in the County of Lennox and Addington, married woman, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, John Williams, late of the said Township of Ernestown, in the County of Lennox and Addington, and Province of Ontario, painter, and now of parts unknown, on the ground of adultery and desertion.
Dated at Napanee, in the Province of Ontario, this thirtieth day of November, 1925.
MARY ELIZABETH WILLIAMS,
By her Solicitor,
J .M. SIMPSON,
Napanee, Ont.
1-e

Notice is hereby given, pursuant to Chapter 121 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, Section 56, and amending Acts, that all persons having claims against the estate of Sidney Pringle, late of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to deliver or send to the undersigned on or before the twenty-third day of December, A.D., 1925, full particulars of their claims.
And after the said date the Administratrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate and shall not be liable to any person of whose claims she shall not have received notice at the time of the distribution thereof
J. M. SIMPSON,
Solicitor for the Estate
Dated this 23rd day of November A.D., 1925. 52

Christmas Remittances

We sell Drafts, Money Orders and Cable Remittances on all parts of the World at lowest rates.

Quick Service

THE DOMINION BANK
NAPANEE BRANCH,
C. WAITE, Manager.

THE VALUE OF A MULCH FOR WINTER PROTECTION

(Experimental Farms Note).

Snow is one of the most important mulches for winter protection but, unfortunately, in some parts of Canada, it does not come soon enough to afford the necessary protection from severe frosts or sudden changes of temperature for certain plants that we desirde to grow ; nor does it remain long enough to protect the plants from sudden temperature changes and hard frosts in spring.

Where one is not sure of snow coming early and remaining late in the spring, and where there is little snow in the winter, it is desirable to protect many plants with some kind of covering other than snow. Soil is one of the best of such covers or mulches, hence, in many parts of Canada, it should be used to protect grape vines, raspberries, roses, and other rather tender woody plants that can be readily covered by it. At Ottawa such a means of protection has been found very desirable. After soil, the next best covering, perhaps, is leaves and, where these are really available, they should be used to afford a protective mulch and for additional protection where it is desirable that it be practicable to use much soil. On the prairies where leaves are not abundant, straw may be used with good effect. Especially on strawberries, both there and in the East, is straw valuable to protect from sudden changes of temperature in winter where the ground is bare and also to delay growth in spring until danger of severe frosts is over. Strawy manure applied just before winter sets in also makes a good mulch for herbaceous plants, as it protects both the roots and crowns and helps to hold the snow.

Hear that FREED-EISEMANN Radio at Vine's Electric Shop. Open every night until Christmas. 3-b

ODESSA.

Noble Bond, Detroit, is visiting his brother, Sherman Bond.
Mrs. (Dr.) E. Mabee spent a few days recently in Toronto.
Mrs. Lewis Snider has returned from visiting her brother, George Freeman, Sydenham.
Mrs. Daniel Rose has closed her home on Ferguson avenue, and has come to occupy her new residence recently purchased on McDonald street, Kingston.
Through the death of the primary teacher, Mrs. A. Huggard, a piano has been purchased for their room for the benefit of the pupils and the school in general. She was assisted by the trustees and her personal friends. The instrument will undoubtedly prove a great benefit for the singing exercises and schol concerts and to encourage musical taste.
The many friends of Miss Eliza Toomey were sorry to hear that she passed away in the Hotel Dieu Hospital on Monday, Nov. 30th, after a long and serious illness. Her funeral was held in the Catholic church, Arthur Powell officiated. There was a very large attendance of relatives and friends. Interment took place in the R. C. cemetery. Miss Toomey was a life-long resident here and the last member of a family of seven brothers and three sisters having predeceased her. The pall bearers were H. J. Smith, B. L. King, O. Babcock, William Dougherty, Joseph Lawlor and Daniel McConnell.

CONTRACTS WANTED

We are open to contract for a limited quantity of

Tomatoes, Corn and Seed Peas.

Call and see our representative, who will be at the

Royal Hotel, Napanee
—on—
Saturday Afternoons.

THE E. C. METCALF CANNING COMPANY

3-tf

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the estate of Sidney Pringle, farmer, deceased.

TAMWORTH

The body of Mrs. John Jamison who died in Watertown, N.Y., last week, was brought here for burial. The funeral was held at the Methodist church on Thursday.
The Ladies' Aid of the United Church gave a concert in the town hall, on Wednesday evening to a crowded house. The proceeds are in aid of church work.
The Dramatic Club gave a concert at Arden one night last week to a full house.
W. J. Paul is visiting his son, Ross Paul.

CAMDEN EAST.

This district was visited by a thunder and lightning storm on Sunday night last, and on Monday considerable snow fell.
The W.C.T.U. met at the home of Mrs. E. Switzer on Tuesday evening last and had a very interesting meeting, and made the president a county life member.
Mrs. Gould, of Napanee, spent a week recently with her cousin Mrs. Switzer.
Miss Emma McGaughey has been very ill. Her many friends are glad she is gaining.
Mrs. Norman Blakey and her friend, Mrs. Kimberly, of Sharbot Lake, spent last week-end with Mr. Blakey and family.
The W.M.S. met at the home of Mrs. Geo. Black on Wednesday last. There was an excellent program and a good crowd.

STELLA

All seem delighted that Jack Frost has put an end to the mud. The weather has certainly been very pleasant.
The public school teachers are busy training the pupils for the annual union school concert. It is always a happy event for the young and old.
The bazaar and oyster supper of the Presbyterian church was a splendid success financially. The rain came down in torrents, but there was a good attendance.
The Anglican church held their's the preceeding week and also netted a fine sum.
Master Donald Miller entertained his school mates on Wednesday evening, when he celebrated his eleventh birthday.
Mr. and Mrs. S. Miller attended the banquet in Napanee given by Warden Smith, of Adolphustiown.

ROBBER ELEPHANTS.

There Are Over Half a Million in the Kenya and Tanganyika District.

Despite the slaughter of elephants in South Africa, the elephant is in no danger of extinction, writes Fulton, who says that in Kenya and Tanganyika there are over half a million.

Raiding the farms, these herds do thousands of pounds worth of damage every year. Timid wild elephants once turned "robber" become cunning and fierce, losing all fear of man. They raid in mobs ten to a hundred strong, choosing pitch-dark nights, and moving on their objective silently.

But once under cover of the plantations they throw caution to the winds. Fruit trees are scattered right to the ground; crops are trampled in mad havoc. The bulls trumpet fiercely, the cows squeal defiance.

To shoot into this pandemonium is to court almost certain death. At the slightest sound the mob stampedes, intent on killing.

On the other hand, to leave the herd till dawn is to lose it, for to an elephant 50 miles is a morning's stroll.

Such a robber herd lives in the Untondes Bush, north of Mordnan. Every year the great tuskers raid the plantations, uprooting valuable palms. This herd has been outlawed by the Government, but elephants are so cunning that only a dozen have been killed.

Another area herd recently held the Rufigi district of Tanganyika in a state of siege. In a few nights they destroyed crops over a tract of land four times the area of Surrey, England, and, kneeling on the low huts, crushed the structures and killed scores of villagers.

A hunter killed fifty. But the survivors moved up to Victoria Nyanza and are at present pillaging the potato gardens, where many will fall into native pit-traps.

Were they not plantation robbers, elephants would be an asset to East Africa. A pair of good tusks yields 100 pounds of ivory at about $7.50 a pound. The license to shoot two elephants costs the hunter $250, and the hunting trip gives work and wages to scores of natives who would otherwise be unemployed.

Bird That Kills Snakes.

There is an Indian adjutant stork with the crane wing at the Zoological Gardens in London, England. He is one of those brought from Nepal by the Prince of Wales.

On the boat he managed to break his wing by thrusting it through the bars of his crate in defiance to his native guardian. This wing had to be amputation when he reached the Zoo. And his other wing, with a spread of some four feet, occasionally plays him false when he tries to fly. So he folds it round him like a soldier's cloak and sit under the aviary perch, looking very unhappy.

Maybe he is thinking of days gone by, when he followed the course of a river in full flood, pouncing on snakes driven out of their holes, and smashing the head of the biggest with a blow from his strong and massive bill.

If the snake showed fight, he banged its body to and fro as a terrier would that of a rate. And he ended by swallowing as much of it as he could.

In the East adjutants act as scavengers. They miss nothing that comes their way, be it dead rat or fallen horse.

Flying at a great height, they descend to earth to dispute with vultures, and before an Indian adjutant stork the vultures have to give way.

EMPLOYEES ENTERTAINED

THE GIBBARD FURNITURE SHOPS GIVE A SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT.

On Thursday evening last the employees of the Gibbard Furniture Shops with their wives and families gathered at the factory where a Christmas tree and entertainment was staged in the upper floor of the new addition to the factory.

The immense room was handsomely decorated with streamers, flags and colored lights, with an immense Christmas tree in the centre of the room.

Each child under 15 years of age was given a nice present, besides candy and oranges. Each employee was also remembered with a money gift as a token of appreciation from the firm.

A concert programme was provided, Walters' orchestra, Mrs. Powell, a quartette and some short addresses, which were much appreciated by the assembled guests, followed by a dance with music provided by Walters' orchestra, and lunch was served at a convenient hour.

Between five and six hundred guests were present and each and every one had a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The Gibbard Company and the employees who looked after the arrangemnts for the evening's entertainment, which entailed a great deal of work and thought on their part, are to be congratulated on the success of their efforts.

mucmca knpti . Wm....eb ....d

Choice cordwood and hardwood slabs, dry, sound and good size. Phone 356-J, WILFRED S. WILSON. 2-d

MOSCOW NORTH.

We are reminded of winter again.
A number attended court on Tuesday last at Napanee.
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson spent Sunday with Mrs. Bowen, Enterprise.
Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff spent Monday afternoon last at Enterprise.
Mr. and Mrs. James Evans and Miss Ella Evans spent Tuesday last with Mrs. John Scanlin.
Mrs. Archie Allchurch spent Tuesday last at Newburgh.
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson, Mrs. Wellington Coulter, Mr. Wellington Coulter, Mrs. Cynthia Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. James Evans Mr. and Mrs. Cecil King, Mrs. Sanford Degroff spent Thursday at Napanee.
Mr. and Mrs. Alex Curl spent Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. George Timmerman.
Mrs. Elias Jackson spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Wm. Ritchie, Sr.
Mrs. Arch Albertson and Mrs. Cynthia Knapp spent Wednesday at Colebrook.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry King spent Wednesday in Napanee.
Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Huffman and family spent Wednesday at her father's, Mr. Erwin Makin's.
Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and family at Rufus Wagar's on Sunday last.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson called on Mrs. Cynthia Knapp on Monday evening last.

WILTON.

The Wilton cheese factory closed its doors on Thursday, after a very successful season. The popular cheese-maker, Eldridge Babcock, has been here a number of yars, always giving satisfaction by making No. 1 cheese.
There are many farmers who have more milk than can be made into butter at home and they are sending it to Odessa, as the Odessa factory is still making cheese.
The many friends of Mrs. Stuart Simmons will be pleased to know her operation was very successful, and Mrs. Simmons is rapidly regaining strength in a couple of weeks to be home again. Some four or five weeks ago their son, Delbert, had an arm broken crushing his car.
The Sunday School scholars are preparing for a Christmas entertainment.
Rev. Mr. McQuade was busy calling on his people through here last week.
Rev. Mr. Mc Milligan has returned home after attending the funeral of his father at Muxville.
The people of this place received a great shock by hearing of the sudden death of Alonzo Fraser, who was a former resident of this vicinity.
Mrs. John McDonald has rented part of the E. N. Storms house and is moving in.
Mrs. H. Metzler, Toronto, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. Asselstine.
Mr. Elwood Thompso, Lorne Ferguson, Mrs. Lorne Storms and family, Inverary, are at John E. Storms'.
Miss Ila Storms, of Kingston Business College, spent last week-end with her parents.
Mrs. Alberton Babcock, Kingston, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Fremont Mills.
Buntza Storms is spending a few days with Stuart Simmons.
Mrs. Ward, who had a very bad fall, breaking two ribs and receiving other minor bruises, is still confined to her bed. Mrs. J. B. Sanderson is in attendance.
The Ladies' Institute Meeting had to be postponed on account of the president having to attend the funeral of Mr. Snider.
Reeve Peters is on the sick list.

Hear that FREED-EISEMANN Radio at Vine's Electric Shop. Open every night until Christmas. 3-b

MINERS' WAGES

TO THE CONSUMER :

There is so much ignorance about the actual earnings of Anthracite miners and so many conflicting and misleading "averages" are talked about that we have prepared and sent to some of the leading New York City Newspapers the following accurate statement which we also are sending to you in the hope that you, thereby, will be better informed and have dependable information to use as you wish.

"There seems to be a great deal of misunderstanding as regards the earnings of mine workers in the Anthracite fields. The figures that I submit below are authentic and accurate, being the net amounts of money, after deducting all mine supplies and helpers' wages, that were received by the actual miners in 1924 at a colliery producing between 1800 and 2000 tons daily throughout that year.

Number of Miners	Average Annual Earnings
12	$4,161
1	3,445
5	3,358
3	3,241
7	3,160
6	3,034
10	2,969
9	2,853
13	2,754
13	2,674
13	2,567
11	2,448
8	2,334
18	2,255
22	2,165
9	2,037
12	1,957
11	1,864
7	1,733
3	1,680
Total 174	Average $2,613

The mine employs 289 actual miners and in 1924 worked 292 days. Of the 289 actual miners employed only 174 or 60% worked regularly enough throughout the year so as to appear on all the semi-monthly payrolls, although full time work was offered to all.
The records show that out of the same 174 miners averaged $2613 per annum and that 12 taking advantage of their full time opportunity averaged $4161, although to make these earnings they worked an average of less than six and three quarters per day. The three miners averaging $1680 worked 249 days, which is 43 days less than the mine operated. In other words these men took in addition to their Sundays, legal holidays and church holidays, 43 days voluntarily off.
The unskilled laborers received 58c. per hour as compared with a wage of 45c. to 45c. per hour in other industries.
The above figures were taken from the actual payrolls for the year 1924, and were published in the New York Sun.

DICKSON & EDDY.

WILTON WEST.

The bazaar and play which was held under the auspices of the Wilton Ladies' Aid, was a decided success. The amount realized was about $200.
Mr. and Mrs. Alva Snider spent Sunday last at Walter Compton's, Florida.
On Thursday evening last Cecil Frink met with a painful accident. While watering the horses, Ridge Babcock, has been here a number of yars, always giving satisfaction by making No. 1 cheese.
There are many farmers who have more milk than can be made into butter at home and they are sending it to Odessa, as the Odessa factory is still making cheese.
The many friends of Mrs. Stuart Simmons will be pleased to know her operation was very successful, and Mrs. Simmons is rapidly regaining strength in a couple of weeks to be home again. Some four or five weeks ago their son, Delbert, had an arm broken crushing his car.
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BATH CHURCH RESTORED FOR WORSHIP

The Right Reverend Dr. E. J. Bidwell, Lord Bishop of Ontario, made the announcement on Sunday morning at the consecration service in St. John's church, Bath, that a record had been established which had never been equalled in the history of the Anglican church in Canada, and he doubted very much if it were not a world record. His Lordship stated that the church, which was the oldest Anglican edifice in Canada, having been built in the year 1793, had been destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon, April 4th, 1925, and through the hard work of the rector, Rev. W. G. Swayne, the church wardens, and the members of the congregation, the edifice had been rebuilt, money secured for the payment of the same and the church consecrated for the service of God in a little over six months.
The old St. John's church was a frame structure of rough cast. The new church, which was built by Robert Pybus, contractor, Napanee, is a brick structure, and will later be plastered so as to make it a replica of the old building. The memorial windows which were in the old building, were destroyed by fire, but it is expected that in the near future members of the congregation will donate windows to replace them.

ORIGINALLY BUILT IN 1793.

The old St. John's church was built by the late Rev. John Langhorn in 1793, one year after the Methodist church at Hay Bay had been erected. Mr. Langhorn came to Canada as a missionary in the days when there was no missionary society in Canada, and he did a noble work for the Anglican church. In his sermon Bishop Bidwell paid a glowing tribute to the faithful work of that saintly man.
William Rose, who was ninety-two years of age last June, and is probably one of the oldest members of the congregation, was present at the service on Sunday morning and took communion.
Among the clergymen who have been rectors of St. John's church are Rev. Alfred Eehlin, Rev. T. J. Rorter, Rev. Canon Lewis, Rev. W. T. Dibb (deceased), Rev. E. V. Evans, and Rev. A. L. McTear. The latter, who two years ago was transferred to Picton, was the popular rector for about twenty years. Rev. W. G. Swayne was placed in charge Lake two years ago, and he has certainly done valuable service.
Since the day that the church was destroyed by fire, Mr. Swayne and the members of his congregation have carried on an active campaign for the raising of funds for erection of the new building, and their efforts have been rewarded with success, for which they are congratulated by Bishop Bidwell on Sunday morning.
The consecration service was a very solemn event. Mr. M. Loyd-Bath, and Andrew C. Miller, Ernestown Township, the two wardens, read a document to the Bishop which in which it was stated that the church was free of debt, and then asked the new building be consecrated for the work of God. The consecration then took place, after which the communion service was held and most of the members of the congregation took part in this service.
Mrs. Swayne, organist and choir leader, had charge of the musical part of the service.

Laundryette.

We are agents for the new Laundryette Electric Washing Machine. Washes and drys clothes without wringing. Let us demonstrate.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

NORTH HURON SEAT WILL BE RETAINED BY PROGRESSIVE

Toronto, Dec. 11.—Mr. Justice Wright yesterday afternoon decided the North Huron election case appeal in favor of Jay W. King, the Progressive candidate in the recent general election, which reversed the decision of the returning officer, giving the election to candidate, George Spotton, to pay the costs. Justice Wright directs the county judge to detach counterfoils from the 325 ballots which were thrown out because the counterfoils were attached, and these ballots are to be counted. The decision virtually results in the election of J. W. King over George Spotton.
J. W. King, Progressive, was first declared the elected member. In a recount Judge Lewis threw out 342 ballots which had counterfoils attached, and declared the Conservative candidate, George Spotton, the elected candidate, George Spotton, to pay the costs. Justice Wright directs the county judge to detach counterfoils from the 325 ballots which were thrown out because the counterfoils were attached, and these ballots are to be counted. The decision virtually results in the election of J. W. King over George Spotton.
J. W. King, Progressive, was first declared the elected member. In a recount Judge Lewis threw out 342 ballots which had counterfoils attached, and declared the Conservative candidate, George Spotton, the elected candidate, George Spotton, to pay the costs. Justice Wright, in giving his decision, says it was the imperative duty of the deputy returning officer to remove the counterfoils, and the Judge who may conduct any recounting proceedings shall have the like power, and having the power, under the circumstances, it was his duty to exercise it.
"The ballots, if otherwise in proper form, shall be counted as if the counterfoil had been torn in the proper time removed therfrom."
"The law would indeed be impotent, he declared, if in a case like the present, where 342 voters were deprived of their franchise, no relief could be had."

COMING :- EVENTS

THE SWASTIKA CLUB WILL give a dance in the Masonic Hall on Friday evening, January 1st.

"Long Distance has reduced cost of buying—now costs us only 2 cents to buy 3 hogs"

—Writes a Meat Packer

The telephone is on your pay-roll. Make it work for you!

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

PAUL'S SUMMARY OF HIS LIFE.

Sunday, Dec. 20.—II. Timothy, 3 : 10, 11 : 4 : 6-18.

Golden Text—I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. (II. Tim. 4 : 7).

As we study Paul's summary of his own life, let us keep in mind that he wrote these words about himself by supernatural inspiration. This means that Paul was giving, not primarily his own thought about himself, but God's. It was very personal, yet it was impersonal. For the sake of future generations during the entire Christian age the Holy Spirit directed Paul in this estimate of Paul. It follows, therefore, that Paul's words about himself set forth a present for uninspired Christians' descriptions of themselves. The lesson is a striking exhibit of the uniqueness of inspiration.

Seven is a sacred number, and in the first verse of the lesson Paul names seven characteristics of his life. He tells Timothy: "Thou hast fully known my doctrine, manner of life, purpose, faith, long-suffering, charity, patience." It is interesting, also, to note that this verse begins with the word "But" : "But thou hast fully known." The "but" sets Paul's life sharply over against the kind of life that he has been describing in the earlier verses of the chapter, when "in the last days perilous times shall come" (v. 1); with the godless and anarchistic lives that are seen on every side today. We may well praise God for the "but" that distinguished Paul from such men, and that, by God's grace, may distinguish our lives from such.

Let us note the seven great characteristics of Paul's life.

His "doctrine" was his teaching; and we may know that as fully as Timothy knew it, for it is all set forth by inspiration, in Paul's New Testament writings. Paul's doctrine is the glory of the Church of Christ, for it was given to Paul, and, to us through him, not by any man, but by the Lord himself (Gal. 1 : 11, 12).

His "manner of life" was Christ's manner of life. For he could write by inspiration, "Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ" (I. Cor. 11 : 1).

His "purpose" was "that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings.....that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3 : 10, 12).

His "faith" was alone in "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified" (I. Cor. 2 : 2).

His "long-suffering" was unanswerably demonstrated through his long life, following his conversion, tested as he was by continual persecution.

His "charity" or love, breathed through all his writings, and was the kind that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," and "never faileth." (I. Cor. 13 : 7, 8).

His "patience" came out of the long continued trying of his faith, which "worketh patience," and he had "let patience have her perfect work," thus becoming "perfect and entire, wanting nothing." (Jas. 1 : 3, 4).

Paul evidently knew by inspiration that he was soon to die—"the time of my departure is at hand." He was ready, he said; yet not more ready than any one of us can be at every moment by the all-sufficient grace of Christ.

Then he uttered words about himself which again show the supernatural inspiration that moved him in the writing of this letter—words that no man, not the best of Christians, ought to say of himself, apart from such inspiration as gave life books of the Bible. "I have fought the good fight," said Paul, "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." This was God's judgment of Paul. Only God can say it of any man. But God will say it of any man who runs with patience the race set before him, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of his faith (Heb. 12 : 1, 2).

As Paul rejoices in the "crown of righteousness," which his Lord the righteous Judge, will give him "at that day," he at once adds, "and not to me only, but unto all men also that love his appearing." There are different crowns that may come to believers in the presence of their Lord, after this life; but the "crown of righteousness" is evidently that which is had by faith in Christ, whereby the righteousness of Christ becomes our righteousness.

Then follows one of Paul's characteristic touches of personal reference, as he speaks of one man after another among his friends and associates. He has been forsaken by Demas, who was evidently a worldly Christian. Luke, the beloved physician, was with him. He asks Timothy to bring Mark to him, "for he is profitable to me for the ministry."—a beautiful reference to the restoration and helpful devotion of a backslider.

Paul had been forsaken by all men during his first trial in the Roman courts. But, says he, the Lord stood by him and strengthened him. How much better to be forsaken by men and held to by the Lord, than to have the Lord turn away with the words, "Wo unto you, when all men shall speak well of you" (Luke 6 : 26).

Wireless Thief Catcher.

An inventor has produced what he terms a "radio thief catcher." It is an electrical wired gateway at the entrance of factories and mines. The gate-keeper wears a radio head set and listens when a man passes out of the gate.

The electrical system is adjusted so that if a man carries an extra amount of metal through the gate a noise is heard in the phones.

In this way employes are prevented from carrying away precious metals or tools, says a writer in the Scientific American. The apparatus is tuned so that a reasonable amount of metal, such as coins, pocket-knives, and watches, do not create a signal.

Rays That Kill Microbes.

Two scientists recently dropped a bottle containing an antiseptic into a vessel of impure water. The bottle was slightly cracked so that its contents could not come in contact with the water. Yet twenty-four hours later, when the bottle was taken out, 25 per cent. of the microbes in the water had been killed.

The account of this experiment, conducted by Dr. Techoneyres and Dr. Dunau-Varilla, was given before the French Academy of Sciences, says a writer in Popular Science. An explanation advanced is that the antiseptic gives off rays that attack microbes. The tube that contained the antiseptic, a weak solution of chloride of lime, was made of quartz, which apparently let the rays through readily.

The consequence of this experiment may be of great importance. Our drinking water for example, in the future may be purified at very low cost without chemicals.

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WINTER WORK FOR THE BEEKEEPER

(Experimental Farms Note.)

The most active part of the beekeeper's year is between the time the bees are removed from their winter quarters in the spring, until the following autumn when they are again prepared for the winter. Usually this season comes on with a rush ad the bees demand the full time of the beekeeper. This being the case, the beekeeper who would get the maximum returns from his apiary must have everything in readiness before this active season opens. Nothing is more disheartening during the summer when nectar is coming in abundantly and the bees swarming, than to have insufficient equipment ready at hand to take care of the situation.

The winter months offer an excellent opportunity for getting everything into workable shape. All equipment on hand can be looked over carefully and any needed repair work done. The handling of colonies during the summer can be made much easier and more rapid if all supers and frames are scraped clean of propolis or bur combs. While cleaning the frames, the combs may also be sorted, saving the best for use in the brood chambers and the inferior ones for the extracting supers. All broken, crooked or drone combs are best consigned to the melting pot. After the combs are cleaned and sorted, store them in supers, tiering the supers up with a queen excluder or hive cover on both bottom and top of the pile to exclude mice, otherwise the combs may be destroyed. Place in each super the proper number of combs needed for the summer work and mark each super or tier as to character of combs it contains. If the amount of supplies on hand is not sufficient for next year's needs, order new ones early, so that they may arrive in time to put together and paint before spring. Any cappings or broken combs saved during the summer may easily be rendered during the winter and the resultant wax manufactured into foundation for next summer's use.

Blessings of Life.

He that loses his conscience, has nothing left that is worth keeping. And in the next place look to your health; and if you have it praise God and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing money can not buy.—Isaak Walton.

Can Hire Wedding Presents.

In Paris there are shops where wedding "presents" can be hired. Mothers who wish the display of presents at their daughter's wedding to be dazzling can go to the shops and arrange for borrowing articles. An employee attends the wedding in disguise to watch the presents.

DISCOVERING SCOTLAND.

Welshman Brought Home Favorable Account of His Visit.

Thousands of visitors from all parts of the world visits Scotland annually. They play golf on the famous links at St. Andrews and Prestwick and North Berwick, motor through the Trossachs, "do" Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood, view Melrose in "the pale moonlight," and enjoy themselves in various other ways.

Yet probably none of them has ever heard of Thomas Pennant. It was Thomas Pennant, whose anthropological collections were recently given to Cambridge University by Lord Denbigh, who "discovered" Scotland.

This Welsh squire paid his first visit to Scotland in 1769. At that time, as he afterwards stated, Scotland was a "country almost as little known to the southern brethren as Kamchatka. I brought home a favorable account of the land. Whether it will thank me or no I cannot say; but from different hints I have made, and showing that it might be visited with safety, it has been ever since 'inondee' with southern visitants."

It would appear that the Scot of his own day acknowledged the justice of his claim to have discovered their land—at least, as a place fit for Englishmen to visit. For afterwards he was made a Freeman of Edinburgh and received "compliments in every corporated key."

Even Pennant's panegyrics, however, could not quite conquer ancient prejudices. There were many who, like Dr. Johnson, could see nothing good in the northern kingdom. Nine years after Pennant's tour, when Mrs. Thale expressed a wish to visit Scotland, Johnson said:

"Seeing Scotland, madam, is only seeing a worse England. It is seeing the flower gradually fade away to the naked stalk."

Smart Answers.

Among a sheaf of smart answers quoted in the London Sphere is a reference to a bishop of a pompous sort who provoked Theodore Hook to enquire: "Pray, sir, are you anybody in particular?"

Here are a couple of rebuffs, each salted with Irish wit: Judge Ball's footman shouted to a beggar who had asked an alms of his lordship, "Take your rags out of that!" "My rags!" retorted the beggar, with a withering glance at the menial's livery. "They are my own, my man."

An elderly beau, who was being shown over a house to let by a very pretty Irish maid, asked, as he chucked her under the chin: "Are you to be let with the house, my dear?" "No, sir; I am to be let alone"—surely for the purpose a perfect pun.

He Tried.

"What did you say when Jack threatened to kiss you?"

"I told him I'd like to see him try."

"And then?"

"Why, he always tries to do what I live."

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

TO FREEZE OR NOT TO FREEZE

By ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive Engineering)

To start an automobile engine in zero weather is quite a problem, the difficulty of which depends upon the construction and size of the engine, the quality of fuel used, the strength of the spark and, of course, the height of the mercury in the thermometer at that particular time.

As a first aid in starting, priming is probably the best way out of the predicament. There are many ways of priming an engine. The chief idea of priming is to get a rich, explosive mixture that will fire the instant it touches the spark gaps. After the engine has been coaxed into starting it will, if so inclined—get up enough speed to run upon its customary allowance of gasoline. To make doubly sure, it is advisable to pull out the primer a short distance to make the usual mixture slightly richer than normal until the engine obtains sufficient heat for average carburetion.

Take time in warming up the engine. Don't stamp your foot down on the accelerator and allow the engine to race like a broken down Lewis gun, for with the poor lubrication, and especially at this time of the year, it usually results in serious damage. It is bound to have a bad effect if practiced regularly. Run the engine slowly for three or four minutes before setting it to work, and you can economize not only in repair bills, but also in oil and gasoline.

When you start your car these cold mornings, have you noticed that the self-starter whirrs a longer time than it did in summer before the engine starts ? The self-starter is designed to start the engine, and will if the battery is in proper condition. But bear in mind that the current consumption is not by any means proportional to the time that the self-starter consumes to start the engine.

The great viscosity of cold oil in winter will make the starting torque so great as to demand three to four times the amount of current from the battery than it did in summer. Therefore, assist the starting motor by providing the rich mixture mentioned. All of this mixture does not reach the cylinders, as much of it will condense on the cold walls of the intake manifold. In doing this you remove a goodly portion of the burden that would otherwise be demanded from the battery.

LONG-DISTANCE LAW.

Cases That Have Lasted Through Centuries.

After lasting three years, a legal battle over a $125,000 Illinois estate came ingloriously to an end, the lawyers engaged having informed the court that there was no money left for further legal costs.

Another triumph for American "hustle." As readers of Dickens will remember, the great case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce lasted longer than that, though the final result was the same.

True, the Jarndyce case was fiction, but it had only too much foundation in actual fact. At the time that the publication of "Bleak House" started, there was a suit before the Court of Chancery which had already been in progress nearly twenty years. As many as forty counsel had appeared in this case at one time, the costs had mounted up to £70,000. Yet the action was said to be no nearer settlement than it had been in the beginning. Irony of ironies, it was a "friendly" suit.

Another action which Dickens may have had in mind when he drew his famous picture of "the law's delays" was that of Jennens vs. Jennens. This famous action related to property in Acton, Suffolk, Eng., which had belonged to a miser who died in 1798. It was only concluded in the eighties of last century.

There is nothing in modern English legal history, however, that can equal the dispute between the Shoenborn family and the peasantry of Velke Popovice regarding forestry rights. The Prague Courts have just pronounced judgment in this remarkable lawsuit, which started three hundred years ago, at the time of the Thirty Years' War.

Even this is not a record. The action brought by the Comte de Nevers against the town of Dunes, some time before King John signed Magna Charta, enjoyed the longest run of any lawsuit. This case was still going on in the French Courts in the first half of last century. When it was finally decided it had lasted for over six hundred and thirty years.

Britain's longest run, while spectacular enough, cannot match this. It arose out of a dispute between Lord Berkeley and certain other members of the Berkeley family during the Wars of the Roses. Lord Berkeley and Viscount Lisle tried to settle the matter by single combat; but Berkeley's archers took a hand in the discussion, and Lisle departed to a world where lawsuits are unknown.

After this unfortunate accident, the other parties to the dispute seem to have considered the courts safer; if slower, than personal argument with Lord Berkeley. The suit went on for nearly two hundred years.

Nowadays, the law operates more swiftly. Perhaps, considering how high are the costs of a modern action, it is just as well.

Told Hits How.

A minister who lives in a small town is noted for his scintentiousness both in and out of the pulpit. As he was coming down the street one day a man accosted him with, "Sir, can you tell me how to find a sheriff's office?"

"Yes, sir," was the ministerial reply. "Every time you earn $5 spend $10." And he walked on, leaving the astonished man gazing after him.

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Here and There

Timber exported from British Columbia during the nine months ending September 30, 1925 was 36,668,000 feet, compared with 50,580,000 feet for 1924; 45,643,000 feet in 1923; and 49,820,000 feet in 1922.

A project is under way at Toronto for the construction of the largest hotel in Canada, which also means the largest hotel in the British Empire. It is understood that the new structure will be even larger than the Roosevelt in New York.

The apple crop in the Okanagan Valley, British Columbia, this year is estimated at 2,300,000 boxes. At a fair estimate of a dollar and a half a box, the return to growers in this district will be approximately four million dollars.

The Eastern International Dog Derby will be run at Quebec on February 18, 19 and 20. The course provides for a distance of 45 miles a day for three days, irrespective of rain, snow or storm. The winner will receive $1,000 and a gold cup. Other contestants will be awarded prizes aggregating $2,200.

Immigration to Canada for the six months from April 1 to September 30, 1925 totalled 87,086. Of this number 25,072 were from Great Britain and Ireland, 11,199 from the United States and 20,815 from other countries. In the same period 18,282 Canadians returned from the United States.

With Canadian ensign flying and all her gala bunting aloft, the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Scotland left the harbor of New York sharp at noon on December 3 on the first part of her journey in the course of which she will completely circumnavigate the globe, covering approximately 30,000 miles, visiting nineteen different countries and making twenty-four ports of call.

Canadian Pacific Railway gross earnings for the month of October were $19,569,188.43 an increase of $216,847.93 over the sum for the corresponding period of 1924. Net profits were $7,444,027.08 or an increase of $421,849.85 over $7,022,177.23 for October 1924. Net profits for the ten months ending October 31 were $29,079,949.01 an increase of $1,611,889.52 over the sum of $27,468,059.49 for the same period of 1924.

According to advices from a reliable source, conditions in the West have shown consistent improvement this year. The crop has been gathered, threshing is finished, and the grain has been stored in elevators. With the astoundingly rapid despatch of wheat, money is steadily coming in to farmers, giving them an opportunity to clear off debts and leaving them enough to extend their purchases.

The first Christmas holiday special over the Canadian Pacific Railway left Montreal on Saturday when Westerners bound for the Old Country arrived at St. John, N.B. in time to connect with the Canadian Pacific liner Montrose which will land them in Great Britain in time for the Christmas holidays. The special, travelling as the second section of the Imperial Limited, was composed of eight sleepers, one from Edmonton, Calgary, Moose Jaw, Kerrobert, Sask., Shaunavon, Sask., and two from Winnipeg.

Exceeding anything before shown in the Dominion of Canada and in the world, figures on the marketing of grains and of car loadings in the month of November furnish a double record for Canadian Pacific Railway western lines, for Canada and for the world. Marketing of all grains totalled 69,210,780 bushels and car loadings were 39,522 cars For figures even distantly approaching the above, the statistician must go back to November 1923, when 57,608,000 bushels of all grains were marketed and 38,515 cars were loaded.

Flying the "Blue Peter."

"Wetting the chimney" of a new house was a custom in the early days of Toronto. If the owner neglected to do so," says a writer in the Toronto Globe, "he would be smothered with smoke on lighting a fire by reason of the chimney being filled with rubbish."

Another custom was flying the Blue Peter when the masons had finished the brickwork.

What in the world was a "Blue Peter"? Well, if there was rubbish in the chimney, would not removal of it be more effective than wetting the chimney?

A "Blue Peter," we learn from this writer, was "a small blue flag flown by a vessel on leaving port. The term is used on different occasions, and in polite society as a hint to go; if calling on an old lady, and to folks up her knitting, that is her 'Blue Peter'."

"Fly-power."

The currents flowing in an ordinary radio receiving aerial are exceedingly small and may be expressed in terms of "fly-power"—one fly-power being the energy expended by a fly in crawling up a window pane one inch in one second.

Whale Meat.

Whale meat is regarded in South African native settlements as a great delicacy, and in British Columbia it is canned in large quantities for export.

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Progressive Merchants Advertise

Be Natural.

Holmes says that there are six people present whenever two meet in conversation—the real A, the real B, A as he sees himself, B as he sees himself, A as B sees him and B as A sees him.

The remark comes back when one goes out upon the street and considers himself and the other people who pass particularly those who seem on the slippery road to success. It is not that themselves who go by; it is what they would have other people think them if they are young and inexperienced they must hasten step their faces with an artificial solemnity; if they are getting on in years they must affect an artificial snappiness. They wear their outward aspect like clothes.

One feels like crying in the ears of young men: "Be natural . Live or die sink or swim, survive or perish, but be yourselves."

Howard Payne's Great Song.

The song "Home Sweet Home" was written by John Howard Payne, and was introduced by him into the play 'Clari, the Maid of Milan,' which was afterchanged into opera. At the time of the writing of this lyric, Payne was almost starving in an attic in Palais royal, Paris. Most authorities agree that the music of the song is a Sicilian air, adapted by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop.

Wanted to Feel Safe.

Little Adam was staying at a neighbor's home during the illness of his mother. The neighbor lady knowing Adam's fondness for jelly had some for supper one evening. All during the meal he watched his jelly. As he was about to eat it he said: "Oh, Lord, be near me while I eat this nervous stuff."

Net Much Credit Coming to Them.

Jud Tunkins says he knows two men, and maybe three, who bragged about an honest profession, simply because they never had a good chance.

Oldest New Mexico Town.

Acoma, N. M., an Indian village, is older than St. Augustine, first European settlement in America. Acoma is mentioned in chronicles of 1539.

Record Novels.

Although the new novel, "One Increasing Purpose," by Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, is very long, according to present-day standards, amounting to about 125,000 words, it is dwarfed by comparison with books of othes days.

"Tom Jones," "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," and some of Lytton's works are all well over 400,000 words in length.

The record is probably held by "Don Quixote," which, at a rough estimate, contains 550,000 words.

Kind of a Mixture.

At the dinner table Robert was telling us that "a new kid came to school today." As I always take an interest in his school affairs I asked, "A boy or girl?" "Well, I don't know, cause it wears pants, but it's got curls." Chicago Tribune.

Tuberculosis Among Chickens.

Two French scientists contend that 10 per cent of the chickens in that country have tuberculosis and that the disease runs as high as 28 per cent among poultry in some other countries.

Carlyle's Wise Advice.

Remember now and always that life is no idle dream, but a solemn reality based upon eternity and encompassed by eternity. Find out your task; stand by it; the night cometh when no man can work.—Carlyle.

Must Have Something to Feed On.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of strife, but not a long period frost of downright indifference. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.

Intrusion of Willie.

"Scuse me, aunt! I hate to bother you—but I really think you ought to stop kissing Billie sinke that's all there is to it."—Life.

Saved For the Nation.

One of the most charming rural beauty spots in Canada, an area of eighty acres on the northern shore of Lake Derwentwater, has been saved for the public. The land was in danger of being acquired for building purposes when it was bought by Sir John and Lady Randles, who handed it over to the National Trust.

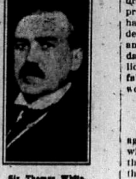
This munificent gift safeguards the beauty of the northern shore of the lake, which will remain for all time as it was when the poets Gray and Southey praised it. The property includes Crow Park, Cockshut Wood, and Castle Head. The latter, though now only five hundred feet high, should be a place of pilgrimage for all lovers of the Lake Country. It is the stump of the old volcano which was primarily responsible for the formation of the Lake District. In its active days it was probably six thousand feet high.

At one time all this land formed part of the Derwentwater estate, which was confiscated after the third earl had executed for his share in the rebellion of "Fifteen." Later, it passed into the hands of Greenwich Hospital. In one of his books Southey writes of the view from the park:

"The best near view of Lake Derwentwater is from Crow Park. This it is, if I had Aladdin's lamp, or Fortunatus' purse (with leave of Greenwich Hospital, be it said) I would build myself a house."

"MAKE IMMIGRATION HUMAN" SAYS C. P. R. PRESIDENT; SIR THOMAS WHITE PAYS HIM HIGH TRIBUTE

E. W. Beatty, K.C., Chairman and President of the C.P.R.



Sir Thomas White, Former Federal Finance Minister.

Addressing the Associated Boards of Trade banquet at Winnipeg recently, E. W. Beatty, chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, said that one of the most significant facts of the conference was the desire of men from all parts of Canada to discuss the country's problems from an economic and national point of view, free from the bewildering influence of political partisanship. "This," Mr. Beatty said, "leads me to the inevitable conclusion that the question of Confederation on the principles of national unity which guided the fathers in establishing it cannot be solved by political manipulation, but only by that mental attitude which comes from understanding and is the result of honest education.

In order to achieve national prosperity, Mr. Beatty advocated an extensive immigration policy to supply the man power necessary for the "largest undeveloped country in the world." "If I had any suggestion to make in respect to this question," continued the president, "I would suggest that we take it out of the field of statistics and place it in the field of human relations. We are apt to forget that the people who come to our shores are not so many hundreds or thousands of British or Continentals with or without settlers' effects. They are human beings, members of families who have torn themselves up from old homes, homes in some cases centuries old, to come and live in Canada, to be neighbours, if we are willing to be neighbourly, and to become good citizens if we only hold out a welcoming hand.

"We realize how great the wrench must be when we learn that some bring with them a handful of earth so that when the time comes for them to die in Canada it may be scattered over their coffins. I wonder how many Canadians, who have made the trek to the United States, have ever thought to carry with them a handful of Canadian soil. No immigration scheme for Canada can ever achieve success unless due allowance is made for such human factors."

On the same occasion Sir Thomas White, former Federal Minister of Finance, paid a high tribute to Mr. Beatty. Sir Thomas said that he had always looked upon Mr. Beatty as a representative Canadian who typified the qualities which go to found the Canadians. Mr. Beatty had carved his own niche in Canadian affairs and had made his own way in the world as in the manner of Canadians. As president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Beatty occupied one of the highest positions in the Dominion and was absolutely unspoiled by his enormous success, and Sir Thomas liked to think that in this the former was also a characteristic Canadian.

Referring to the improvement of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the former Finance Minister pointed out that the history of the Dominion and the Company were intertwined and could not be disassociated. The Canadian Pacific Railway had stood as the type of exemplary Canadian enterprise and courage in the face of apparently insurmountable obstacles. Sir Thomas also commented favorably on the good work the Canadian Pacific Railway had done during the Great War, and later on in going ahead with work, at the request of the Government, in order to give employment to soldiers who were returning after the war.

The Primrose.

The primrose has suffered injustice from the poets, who seem to regard it as a floral weakling. Shakespeare wrote of "pale primroses" that die "ere they can behold bold Phoebus in his strength;" Spencer regrets "so fair a flower" should perish through "untimely tempest;" Milton laments the "rathe primrose that forsaken, dies," and many later poets have written of it in similar strain. Why? For the primrose is a hardy plant and will be found where few other flowers can exist, on the mountain heights of Europe and Asia and even on the highest ranges of the Himalayas. And Disraeli recognised its color in the fried eggs upon his breakfast table.—London Notes and Queries.

He Was Right.

A man rushed to the entrance of a lunatic asylum in the middle of the night and yelled to the keeper to let him in.

"Let me in!" he cried. "I have suddenly gone insane."

The keeper woke up, thrust his head out of a first story window and bellowed down in a rage:

"What? Come here at this time of night? Man, you must be crazy!"

Poultry-Farming of Long Ago.

Although hot-air and hot-water incubators were not known in Europe until the last decades of the eighteenth century, the Chinese and Egyptians practiced artificial incubation of fowls' eggs thousands of years ago. The ancient Egyptians built enormous ovens of semi-dried bricks, often covering an area of as much as 6,000 square feet. Similar egg-ovens are in use in Egypt to-day, the craft having been handed down through the centuries, from father to son. Through the centre of the egg-oven runs a passage which opens up on each side to circular vaults, in which the actual hatching is done. Fires are kept alight in each vault, and all surplus heat and smoke escape from a large hole in the roof. During incubation the porous egg-shell admits a slight amount of oxygen and allows the escape of other gases. Every day the shell grows more brittle, so that when the time comes for the live chick to break forth it has no difficulty in doing so.

Killing Mosquitoes by Airplane.

Mosquitoes which carry malaria are being fought in some American States by means of airplanes, from which poison is prayed on the breeding places of the pests.

On Life's Journey.

We should rather be life's good comrades than its passionate lovers, neither easily offended, nor imagining evil, yet not taking its affairs too lightly. Let us hold Life faithfully by the hand, loving it through fair and ill repute; as good travelers, grumbling little, praising much, and sharing sun and shadow and wayside inns.—Exchange.

Production of Scent.

No substance that refuses to dissolve in water has an odor. It is the actual substance itself, floating in particles in the air, as in the case of light and sound. The damper a thing is the more powerful the odor it gives off. A pleasant proof of the fact can be had by walking in a garden after rain. It is the vapor of a liquid that smells and not the liquid in the mass itself.

Rubber Easy to Cultivate.

After four or five years of semi-cultivation a rubber plantation requires practically no care, except to see from time to time that other trees which may have gotten a start, are cut out. The yield of rubber gum begins about the sixth year under favorable conditions, and continues thereafter indefinitely.

Seek Perfection.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.—Chesterfield.

Cattallo a Hybrid.

The cattallo is an animal one parent of which is the buffalo and the other the cow. The hybrids have been raised in considerable numbers on a cattle ranch in the Panhandle of Texas.

Useful as Well as Cheap.

Automobile oil is inexpensive, and useful for many household purposes; for instance, it will relieve a squeaking door hinge or a heavy running sewing machine; wipe it off with absorbent cotton.

Knew Him Well.

The Sunday-school lesson was about Abraham and the classes were discussing the lesson when little Marian was heard to say: "Oh, yes, I know him; I've got him on my penny."

Avoid Extreme Views.

Extreme views are never just; something always turns up which disturbs the calculations formed upon this data. —Disraeli.

Very Few Are.

"No man I ever saw," said Uncle Eben, "was quite as good his own se'f as he thought ev'body else ought to be."

Optimistic Thought.

If thou takest time into thy affairs it will allay and arrange all things.

Priceless Persian Rugs.

It is a well known fact that an Oriental never sets foot upon his rug with even the soft sandals that he wears. When his foot is set upon his rug it is entirely bare, and this is the reason why oriental rugs woven hundreds of years ago are still perfectly preserved. The hunting rugs of Persia have a great historical value, as they depict authentically how the phoenix and elephant were hunted in ancient days. Mounted hunters pursuing the lion, deer, and other creatures, both fabulous and real, form the groundwork of all of these rugs.

African Pigmies.

The historian Herodotus, 2500 years ago, described the African pigmies which he located near the source of the Nile. Herodotus, for once, told the truth, for it is in that region that modern explorers have found them. Stanley described them as having huge stomachs and short legs; and as "leaping about like grasshoppers." One specimen he saw was a full-grown young woman, three inches short of three feet in height, but "perfectly formed and of a disturbing sleekness of body, with absurdly large eyes."

Use of Drinking Water.

Drink whatever water you desire with meals, but do not take ice water, and do not use water merely to wash food down your throat. Water aids digestion by helping to liquefy the food and by bringing the gastric juices into closer contact with the food particles. Water does not affect the enzymes and weaken them by dilution as some people maintain, because the power of the enzymes depends not on the percentage which is present, but upon their total amount and chemical composition.

First Maine Post Office.

In 1775 the first post offices in Maine were established at Kennebunk, Falmouth and Bath. The mails were carried by carriers on foot or on horseback and the average week's mail did not amount to five letters at each office. The rates were high, 6¼, 12½, 18¾, 25 and 37½ cents, according to the distance the letter had to be carried, and double the rate when the letter was on more than one sheet of paper.

Bubble Fish.

The bubble fish is a native of the Mediterranean sea. It is a small fish, and is so called because it has the power of blowing itself out with air until it is as round as a ball. It then floats on the surface of the water, and is carried about by the wind and waves.

Canada's Fisheries.

Canada's fisheries are the most valuable natural resources of the Dominion. The annual catch is worth $50,000,000, and the industry employs 80,000 persons.

Catches Falling Hairs.

To catch hair as it is being cut by a barber, an inventor has patented a circular piece of fabric with the edges turned up, to be fastened around a man's neck.

Alaskan Trees.

In Alaska a willow tree of a species only a few inches high grows farther north than the hemlock, spruce or cedar, which are important cold-resisting trees.

Kissing Spot.

"If you must kiss a baby," says a medical writer, "the back of the neck is the safest place." We always thought that was what you lifted them up by.—Exchange.

Carob Tree Yields Dye.

It has been found that a dye of khaki color can be obtained in Argentina from the wood of the carob tree.

Sun Pressure on Earth.

The light of the sun exerts a pressure of 70,000 tons on the earth, according to a British scientist.

Optimistic Thought.

To the wise there is pleasure in solitude.

AN INDOMITABLE RACE

RIFFIANS ARE DESCENDED FROM NORTHERN EUROPEANS.

Moslem by Religion, They Are Unorthodox and Liberal In Their Views — Extremely Moral by Nature and Tradition.

Lady Drummond Hay gives the following interesting account of the Riffians, an ancient people of North Africa:—

Barren, inhospitable mountains, snow-covered, whose arid slopes deny grazing to sheep and cattle, and from whose valleys is painfully wrung the precarious living of a romantic and indomitable race, whose origin is lost in the mist of ages—this is the nature of Abd-el-Krim's country.

Tradition has it that in prehistoric times the Riffians descended from Northern Europe, and certainly in appearance and customs they partake almost entirely of the North, and little, if at all, of the South.

Tall, fair or red-haired and bearded, blue-eyed, hardy, treacherous, everlastingly engaged in blood feuds, they are the very prototypes of the Vikings of song and saga. Moslems by religion, they are unorthodox and liberal in their views; extremely moral by nature and tradition. The Riffian woman occupies a position utterly opposed to woman's customary position in other Moslem countries, knowing nothing of the veil and its restrictions, sharing the lives of and working on an equality with the men.

Such is the race which has never bowed to a conqueror. Romans, Goths, Moors, in the past, French and Spanish of to-day, were, and are, impotent against these warrior mountaineers, flourishing and fighting frequently in conditions of unimaginable hardship and privation. To conquer this people it would be necessary to fight them with their own weapons. Modern methods of warfare so far have not been of avail. A thousand airplanes would inflict no appreciable damage, as there are practically no towns to bomb.

Since blood feuds are the chief sport of peace time, each family lives in a stone dwelling as far removed from his neighbor as he conveniently can; the dwelling is surrounded by a wall, which is pierced to make loopholes for defending rifles.

The tribes of the Riff are legion, and prior to collecting together under Abd-el-Krim formed a series of little republics, without pretensions to civilization, subject to tribal government, always at war among themselves. Within the last few years, however, blood feuds and inter-tribal warfare have given place to unity in a common cause against the intruder and in a spirit of national independence and nationalism. Ab-el-krim declared a holy war of Nationalism, not of religion. There is not, and never has been, any question of fanaticism or religious motive on the part of the Riffians. Their point of view is essentially one of national self-preservation.

Abd-el-Krim is not of noble origin. He was neither chief nor political leader, at the time he was an employe under the Spanish Government, and it was during this period that a Spanish officer boxed his ears.

That happened many years ago, but the blow still smarts, and the echo finds an answer in his wild native mountains. The blow first served the humble employe into patriot, leader, chieftain and Sultan.

Aided by his brother, who was educated in Spain, Abd-el-Krim has organised the Riff. Good roads have been constructed, a telephone service covers the country, and wireless installations bring the world to the doors of those who themselves keep the world at bay from their primitive stronghold. Water is scarce and precious, copper is unfruitful, but when crops fail the Riffian can live and fight on the roots of the earth.

Abd-el-Krim, when recently discussing certain European Prime Ministers, claimed that he was as good as any of them. He added, "What I say I mean. I tell you that to-morrow you see some of my soldiers burned alive; so you shall. Deserters they are. I give the order. To-morrow they burn. The Premier of England himself could not do better than that."

But quite recently the reforming instinct of his Riffian Majesty has provoked him to substitute shooting for burning. Such is the march of civilization.

Paws Here for Reflection.

Said the facetious feller, "The main difference between valuable city property and valuable dogs is that the v. c. p. is sold by the front foot, while the dog is jest charged for all over."

Sentimental Paradox.

From a Story—"Each hour that they spent apart only brought them closer together."—Boston Transcript.

Dimensions.

The Atlantic—I may be only 16 hours wide, but I'm just as deep as ever.—New York Sun.

CAPTURING THE TEA MARKET.

One Hundred Years Ago Tea Was Smuggled In From the States.

Smuggling was a practice annoying to Canadian commerce a century ago, just as it has been down to the present, but in that day it was met in a different manner. The chief item arousing concern was tea, and to fight the smugglers who brought it from the United States, business men began the importation of tea direct from China itself, thus bringing to the St. Lawrence the first ships ever to arrive there direct from Asia.

The story is told in an extract from the Canadian Review and Magazine for September, 1826. This paper notes the arrival at Quebec of "two Indiamen direct from China, forming one of the most interesting features of the past year's annals, which points out the rolling prosperity of the country, and forms an epoch remarkable in Canadian commerce.

"These vessels were despatched from England by the East India Company for the purpose of supplying the Canadas with the necessary article of tea. In consequence of an Act of the Imperial Parliament passed last July, entitled 'An Act, July 24, from Canton, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope and at St. Helena at the same time, and came to anchor in the month of July in the harbor of Quebec, with only a few hours' difference, without almost ever being in sight of one another, a proof of the excellent management and perfection of the art of navigation on board of both ships. They are the first vessels that ever entered the St. Lawrence direct from the continent of Asia, the largest and most populous quarter of the globe."

One ship was of 800 tons; the other of 600 tons. They carried 15,884 packages of tea, on which the duty was about £15,000. The retail value of the tea was about £200,000.

"That is an immense sum of money," says the narrator, "which used in former instances almost entirely to go out of the Province to American smugglers, who had very nearly acquired a monopoly, owing to the lowness of the price at which they sold tea. This has been almost ended by the arrival of tea direct from China."

OCEAN RICH IN GOLD.

Scientist Finds Way to Sift Pure Gold From Salt Waters.

Five-sevenths of the world's surface never has been explored. Hidden millions of mysteries have beckoned to man for centuries from this vast area covered by the waters of the oceans.

Now, however, spirited adventurers in the fields of science are reading the secrets of the sea. They are finding not only new methods of locating sunken treasure, but are going to prospect for new resources that can be turned to the use of mankind.

One scientist who has found a way to sift pure gold from the salt waters. As an eager prospector would sift sand from quartz hills, the scientist, Prof. Fritz Haber, of the University of Berlin, literally is following veins of gold, silver and other precious metals running through the oceans. And in this venture he is enlisting the co-operation of the United States Bureau of Fisheries.

It has been found that water from the Atlantic ocean contains from .015 to .267 parts of gold in each million parts of liquid. Water from certain parts of the ocean contains nearly twice as much gold as the lowest grade land gold deposits profitable to operate.

Capt. F. B. Bassett, hydrographer of the United States navy, is authority for the recent statement that billions of tons of gold are dissolved in ocean waters in a concentration of from half a grain to one grain to every ton of water. This represents about $10 worth of gold in every $50 to $00 tons of ocean waters.—Popular Science Monthly.

A "Gentleman."

And the scholar said: "Originally the term 'gentleman,' (Latin: gentilis), signified well born. A man of gentle birth usually was refined in manners and conduct, and so popular usage has extended the term to all men of chivalrous character; a gentleman 'lives right, rights wrongs, fears God and honors the king.'"—Exchange.

Roman Shorthand.

The Romans were the first to use shorthand. They used it throughout the first century. B. C., continuing its practice for at least four centuries. Marcus Tullius Tiro, the secretary and librarian for Cicero, was the pioneer of Roman shorthand.

The Laborer and His Hire.

Billy had been running errands for his mother, and to show her appreciation she offered him a penny. Billy looked disgusted and, glancing into her face, he exclaimed: "Oh, be a sport, ma, and pay me what it's worth!"

Super-Butchery.

"We caught him, forced him at the pistol point to give up the stolen property, and then cut off one of his ears. 'It will be both ears, and both hands, if I catch you again.'"—Pictorial Magazine.

What America Is.

America is an inspiration. America is a spirit. America is something mystical which lives in the heavens. It is the constant and continuous searching of the human heart for the thing that is better.—Franklin K. Lane.

Australian Newspapers.

The Australian daily, weekly and monthly publications are considered great institutions, especially the dailies, and the consumption of newsprint alone is large, probably running into 4,000 tons monthly for the commonwealth.

Sweet Potato.

It is not known certainly who introduced the sweet potato plant or when. Some authorities believe it to be of East Indian origin, but others more likely hold that it was a native of tropical America.

Cash Value of Bolt.

It has been estimated by an European scientist that the commercial value of the electricity in a flash of lightning lasting one one-thousandth of a second is 29 cents.

Gas in Scotland.

More than 23 per cent of Scotland's illuminating gas is made in municipal plants to more than 51 per cent in Ireland and about 30 per cent in England.

Slam at the Gentle Sex.

"If dar was any sho'-'nuff beautiful mermaids," said Uncle Eben, "a lot of human ladies would git jealous an' drown deirse'fs tryin' to imitate 'em."

Daily Thought.

What ardently we wish, we soon believe.—Young.

Migration of the Rat.

The rat was carried from India and Persia to England in 1727, by 1750 had made its way to France and thence spread throughout Europe.

Tame Affair.

"He made violent love to you, didn't he?" "Dear me, no! He only asked me to marry him."—Life.

Benighted Albania.

Albania hasn't a newspaper, a mile of steam railroad or a postal system.

For the Maid.

Burial in dry flour will keep silver bright for a long time.

McIntosh Bros.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS

Towels as Gifts

Ever useful, always acceptable, our Turkish Towels are of the finest quality, manufactured at Galt, Ont.

Beautifully bordered, striped and checked, largest size, all choice colors. Priced.....

.....$1.25, $1.00, 79c. and 50c. each

Pure Linen Towels

John Brown's make, all pure linen, in three sizes. Priced at.....$1.00, 75c., and 50c. each

Table Cloth Bargains

A pure linen Table Cloth, 70 x 70 inches, in several choice patterns. Special each.....$3.39

Give Aluminumware as Gifts

200 pieces of our famous guaranteed quality. Percolators, Tea Kettles, Potato Pots, Covered Kettles, Round Roasters and Water Pails, all priced at.....95c.

China Cups and Saucers

Special lot of hand painted Cups and Saucers, that will make a very useful gift. Priced at..29c., or 4 for $1.00

McIntosh Bros.

Torch of One's Own.

As Plutarch tells us: "It is well to go for a light to another man's fire, but not to tarry by it, instead of lighting a torch of one's own." A torch of one's own! That is a possession worth having, whether it be a flaming beacon on the hilltop or a tiny taper in the window. We cannot tell how far a little candle throws its beams, nor who is laying his course by its thus bring light. The most that we can do —and it is also the best we can do —is to tend the flame carefully and to keep it steady.—Brander Matthews.

Cloth From Bark of Tree.

The famous "tapa" cloth of Polynesia is made from the inner bark of the paper mulberry. When of the finest quality it is bleached to snowy whiteness and fine as muslin. In tropical Africa the inner bark of a leguminous tree is utilized in the same way. Indeed, it is surprising to learn how widely tree barks are employed as material for clothing the world over. And in the West Indies grows the "lace-bark tree," which yields a delicate tissue so like lace that many articles of feminine adornment are made from it.

How to Make Money Go.

Pick up a half dollar with two needles, or pins, by placing the points on the milled edge of the coin diametrically opposite each other. By keeping the needles firmly pressed against the coin it will be held with sufficient firmness. Then blow against the coin, directing your breath above or below the center line, and it will spin round at a great rate, producing a buzzing sound.

Paths of Democracy.

To accustom oneself to disregard the accidents of manner and station sufficiently to see the man as he is, to have a clear sight for genuine character under any of the disguises of unfamiliarity and prejudice, to know how simple and how common are the elements that go to the making of manhood, are the paths that lead to belief in democracy.—George E. Woodberry.

Not Appreciated.

A tourist was being driven through a picturesque glen in Scotland, and while his companions went into raptures over the wild, weird, awe-inspiring features of the place he yawned over his cigar and newspaper. "Don't you like the glen, sir?" the driver asked at a particularly striking spot. "Why," grunted the tourist, "I suppose it's all right, but I can't see any of the scenery for those wretched hills!"

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Assorted--- 39c.

Per lb.

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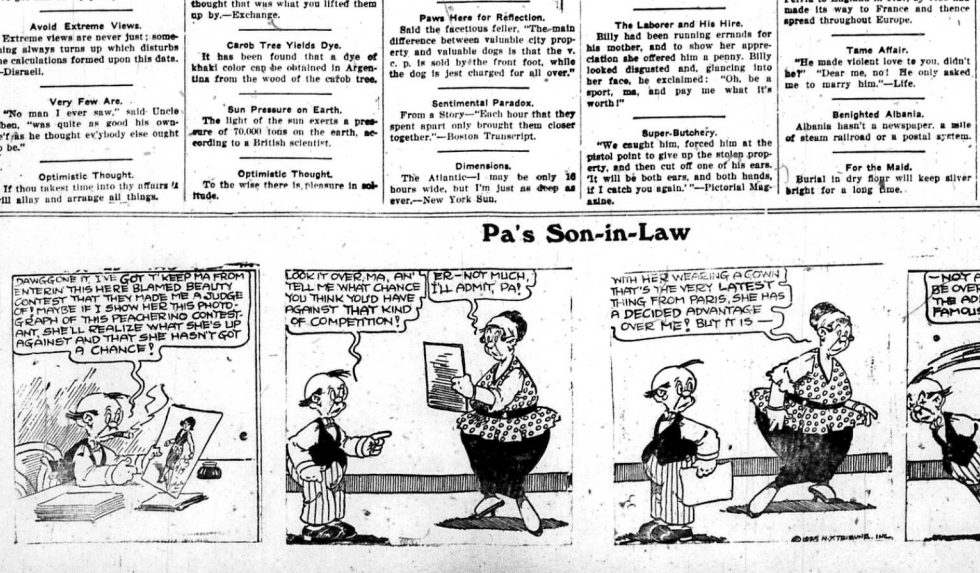
DAWGGONE IT I'VE GOT T' KEEP MA FROM ENTERIN THIS HERE BLAMED BEAUTY CONTEST TH' OTHER DAY MADE A JUDGE OF ME! MAYBE IF I SHOW HER THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF THIS PEACHERINO CONTEST ANT, SHE'LL REALIZE WHAT SHE'S UP AGAINST AND THAT SHE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!
LOOK IT OVER, MA, AN' TELL ME WHAT CHANCE YOU THINK YOU'D HAVE AGAINST THAT KIND OF COMPETITION!
ER—NOT MUCH, I'LL ADMIT, PA!
WITH HER WEARING A GOWN THAT'S THE VERY LATEST THING FROM PARIS—SHE HAS A DECIDED ADVANTAGE OVER ME! BUT IT IS—
BY WELLINGTON
—NOT AN ADVANTAGE THAT CAN'T BE OVERCOME WHEN ONE HAS THE ADDRESSES OF SEVERAL FAMOUS PARISIAN DRESSMAKERS!

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Automobile Hockey Skates
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5 tube set, complete, for....$179.00
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Can be seen or heard by appointment any night.

Also the Bristol Loud Speaker which has no equal.

When interested in Radio call and see us. We can give you time on same, if necessary.

Radio Batteries—all styles.

1 Northern Electric 4-tube Radio Set, for sale cheap.

Then, don't forget that we carry a complete line of Electric Fixtures, Shades, and Lamps of all kinds.

Thor Washing Machines.

National Electric Appliances of all kinds.

We also have on hand some Japanese Vases and Shades which can be had for the small sum of $8.50.

House wiring a specialty.

Vine's Electric Shop
Market Square. - 'Phone 367
Residence Phone 112-F.

Cheese Board.

The offerings of cheese on the board amounted to 871 boxes and all sold at 18½c. per lb.

Christmas Gifts.

For the smallest girl or boy, to the oldest man or woman. Wagons, sleighs, automidi skies, toboggans, bicycles, everything on wheels and runners, at

BOYLE & SON.

The Market Grocery.

Fresh pure lines of groceries. The finest quality English peels, raisins, currants, mixed oranges, Royal Household flour, Ogilvies rolled oats, corn meal and wheat granules. Ogilvies name meant quality. The highest standard in teas and coffee always in stock. Try this store with your order.

THOMPSON BROS.

Children's Photographs.

You should have a permanent record of the ever changing expressions of child-life—have their pictures made more often. Preserve the little smiles they have for you now—next year they may have grown out of them, anyway they will be different. Make an appointment to-day, for either in your own home, or at my studio. I make a specialty of child-photography.

BERTRAM F. HAWLEY.
Residence—Studio,
Dundas Street, West. 45-1f

The Late George H. Hinch.

The death took place on Dec. 3rd, at his residence, 100 Evans Ave., Toronto, in his 61st year, of George Meman Hinch, eldest son of the late Nicholls Hinch, farmer, of Camden East. The deceased has been in the drug business since he was 16 years of age. For the past sixteen years he was traveller for the firm of Ingram & Bell, Toronto. In religion he was an Anglican. He was a Mason and a member of Knights of Pythias, Amicus Lodge. The funeral service was conducted at the house by two Anglican ministers. The K. P.'s took charge of the service at the grave in Park Lawn Cemetery, Toronto. There were many beautiful floral offerings. He is survived by his widow, three sons, S. R., Toronto; N. R., Montreal; T. A., Edmonton, and one daughter, Mrs. N. C. Wilson, Toronto, and four brothers, W. J. and E. C., Camden East; J. D., of Syracuse; N. E., Ellensburg, Wash., and one sister, Mrs. P. H. Brady, of New York City.

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NO memorial or other work of art ever received too much care and thought on the part of its designer and those for whom it was made.

Many have received too little.

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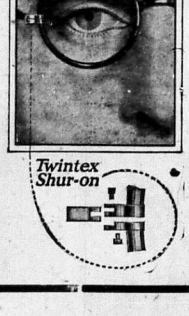

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GRACE UNITED CHURCH
A. J. TERRILL, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

Public Worship
10.30 a.m.—"Eager to cage God."
7 p.m.—"The Wonder of the World." Christmas themes and music.

Other Services.
9.30—Class meeting
11.45—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
Wednesday, 7.45—Prayer and praise.
Annual S. S. Entertainment Christmas night.

For the Boy.

Skates, Handsleighs, Wagons, Trycicles, Automobiles.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Curling.

The Curling Club staged an interesting smoker and euchre at the club house on Monday evening. A large number of members were present and with cards and an interesting programme, the evening passed pleasantly.

Put in Your Plans.

For Christmas day, your certain attendance at the Grace Church Sunday School entertainment in the evening. An interesting part of the splendid programme will be the presentation of the beautiful pageant, "The Heavenly Host." There's no better place for you on Christmas night, rain or shine.

Switzerville Man Killed.

Alonzo O. Snyder, College street, Fonthill, was fatally injured on Friday night when he was knocked down and run over by a truck at Welland. Deceased was a former resident of Switzerville, Township of Ernestown, removing from there to Belleville, thence to Welland, and later to Fonthill.

Christmas Decorations.

The Hydro Commission's men are busy erecting the colored street lights for the season's decorations. The street men are also placing vergreens along the curbs. The merchants are decorating their windows and stores, and in a day or so the business part of the town will present a holiday appearance.

Canadian Canners, Limited, Napanee Branch, No. 39.

We beg to advise you, we are open for contracting Peas, Corn and Tomatoes for the coming year (1926). Anyone wishing to contract may do so, by calling at the Office of the Napanee Canning Co., Limited.

Napanee Canning Co., Ltd.
Per. Blake Huyck,
52-c Local Manager.

Gibbard's Hockey Flock in Color.

The Gibbard hockey uniforms have arrived at Napanee. The Packers will wear a solid red with white cuffs and neck and an eight inch white band around the chest. The Finishers will sport a solid blue body with white neck and cuffs, while the Cabinet Makers will wear a green and white striped sweater. When these teams take the ice there will certainly be no trouble in distinguishing the players.

Central Ontario Curlers Met.

The annual meeting of the Central Ontario Curling League was held at the Kingston Curling Club on Friday afternoon with Dr. B. MacNaughton, of Brockville, in the chair. It was decided to hold the bonspiel, an annual event, in Napanee as early in January as possible and that the western section would arrange its own schedule. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President—Dr. G. E. Kidd, Rockwood.
Vice-president—A. P. Allen, Belleville.
Secretary-treasurer—P. D. Lyman, Kingston.

Hear that FREED-EISEMANN Radio at Vine's Electric Shop. Open every night until Christmas. 3-b

After Thorough Tests we have decided that the best Pen on the market is the

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PAUL'S BOOKSTORE
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CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER
(Presbyterian)
DESERONTO, ONT.
Minister:
Rev. H. G. Richardson, B.A.

Hours of Sunday services—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Seats free.
All are cordially invited.

BAY CIRCUIT
Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor.

Anderson Church—Sunday School, 10.30 a.m.; Public worship 11 a.m.
Sand Hill Church: Public worship 2.30 p.m.
Gretna Church: Sunday School 10.30 a.m.; Public worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH
Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:
Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.
10.30—Morning Prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

Small Fire in Odessa.

Fire of unknown origin broke out Friday morning in the business premises of Mr. Jones, carriage painter and undertaker, at Odessa, but a prompt response by the village fire fighters prevented any damage save that of smoke to the contents, a number of cutters, which were being re-painted. The building is part of the property known as the Walls and Jones establishment. There was insurance on the building and contents.

ANOTHER APPEAL.

Acting for G. W. Spotton, the Conservative candidate, F. F. Hellmuth, K.C., has launched an appeal from the decision of Mr. Justice Wright. The appeal is on the grounds that His Lordship had no jurisdiction to do more than order the county judge to hold a recount, where the county judge had omitted, neglected or refused to carry out the provisions of the election act.

ANOTHER SANTA CLAUS.

"That's a very nice coat your wife wears," said a man to one of his friends. "You must be making a lot of money these days."

"As a matter of fact," answered the other, "she got that coat by accident."

"By accident?"

"Yes. The other night the hall was dark when I arrived home. I saw a figure standing near the hat-stand. I went up and whispered: 'Mary, give me a kiss'."

"But I thought your wife's name was Kate."

"So it is. That's how she got the coat."

Hear that FREED-EISEMANN Radio at Vine's Electric Shop. Open every night until Christmas. 3-b

Uncle Eben.

"By the time a man has lived long enough to know how to give advice," said Uncle Eben, "he's done lived long enough to know dat 'tain' no use wastin' de time."

Happiness Follows Good Work.

Do good work. Give your first thought and your best effort to the improvement of your work. Happiness, success and plenty must follow.

In Both Senses.

When we see a man on the opposite side of the street who owes us a dollar we wish he'd come across.—Boston Transcript.

Merry Meat Man.

Sign in butcher's shop attached to a pig's tail: "This is the End of Our Pork This Week."—Boston Transcript.

Optimistic Thought.

It is honorable to be accused by those who deserve to be accused.

To Preserve Letters.

The following method of preserving the legibility of pencil writing is valuable: Steam the letter until quite limp, then brush over with a solution composed of equal parts of milk and water. Hang it up until nearly dry. Then press it between two sheets of blotting paper with a hot iron.

Art of Chinese Gardeners.

Chinese gardeners sometimes plant statuettes of tiny men firmly in posts, just like real plants, and then train live evergreens to grow up over these statuettes. The vines thus form a kind of robe for the statuette men, their white faces and hands protruding from the green leaves.

Madness of the Moon.

So far as we can gather, there is no foundation for the old belief that the moon affects the mind and brings about madness in some people. The idea may have originated from the word "lunatic," which is derived from "luna" the moon.

WIFE AND HUSBAND BOTH ILL WITH GAS

"For years I had gas on the stomach. The first does of Adlerika helped. I now sleep well and all gas is gone. It also helped my husband." (Signed) Mrs. B. Brinkley. ONE spoonful Adlerika removes GAS and often brings astonishing relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Brings out old, waste matter you never thought was in your system. This excellent intestinal evacuant is wonderful for constipation. Wallace's Drug Store.

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TRINITY UNITED CHURCH
Rev. W. R. Taylor, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Class meeting.
10.30—Morning Service.
11.45 Church School and Bible Classes.
7.00 p.m.—Public Worship.
Wednesday, 7.30—Mid-week session of the Church School. (Adult Section).

Young Diplomat.

Little Dale, aged three, who lived in the neighborhood, was always dropping in about meal time. He liked to be asked to remain for the meals and would try to think of something flattering to say in order to bring this about. At one time he walked around the table and noticing some eggs that had been boiled in the shell exclaimed: "Oh, see the beautiful eggs!"

Neatly Put.

Georgie's little playmate was somewhat inclined to exaggerate whenever he told anything. His elders seemed amused at what they called his imaginings. Not so with Georgie, who was a serious child for his age. "You can't depend on what Cari says," he commented; "he tells so many things that isn't."

Why Jack Should Be Gay.

The way things are looking there is no excuse for Jack being a dull boy, as long as no work and all pay are conducive to gayety.—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

He Earned a Bonus But It Didn't Pay

He had a job with a big Transport Company, driving a team and handling big cases in all kinds of weather. His mother was a widow and there were five to be fed. "I made $17.50 a week and a bonus of $5.00 a month for extra loads. I used to get wet through, but if I didn't stick I didn't get the bonus.

"One day I fell off my load, and they said I had fainted, and the doctor said my chest was weak. I had to go to work in the morning when my suit wouldn't be dry. A few weeks more of work and I got another spell and they sent me up here."

In the Muskoka Hospital for Consumptives, Herb is finding rest, care and good food beyond anything he ever experienced. The Doctors and Nurses like this quiet helpful chap, and have hopes that health and strength will come back to him before long.

Contributions may be sent to Hon. W. A. Charlton, President, 223 College Street, Toronto 2, Ontario.

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FLOWING LANGUAGE.

"How is you son getting on at college?"

"He must be doing pretty well in languages. I have just paid for three courses—$10 for Latin, $10 for Greek and $100 for Scotch."

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Barbara La Marr, whose individual personality is always an inspiration to the costume designer, wears eighteen new gowns of the very latest fashion in her new picture, "THE HEART OF A SIREN."

And a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"GOLD AND THE GIRL," it is a William Fox production, starring Buck Jones, surrounded by a capable cast including Elinor Fair, Bruce Gordon, Claude Peyton.

And a two reel Western.

And a good Fox comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

Big double show, Pete Morrison and Lightning in "THE RANGE BUZZARDS," and Wallace McDonald, one of the best known of the younger character actors of the screen, has a role of unusual strength in "LOVE AND GLORY," the Rupert Julian-Universal-Jewel production.

And a special Comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

CANADA

WARNING TO USERS OF RADIO

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Penalty on summary conviction is a fine not exceeding $50

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The proceeds from license fees are used to control broadcasting and to improve broadcast reception conditions

A. JOHNSTON, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries

VanLuven
1865-1925
HEAT FOLKS

It's enough to make a man feel blue
If he thinks about the coal strike
And the heavy winter weather coming
And a house to heat.
But there's no use in worrying. The Heat Folks have a supply of Burnside Coal and of Coke which will keep you just as warm as your favorite anthracite.
Let us send you out an emergency supply.

Call the *HEAT FOLKS* for good, clean coal

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BURNSIDE COAL

The ideal fuel for the dwelling, equipped with hot water or steam heating plant.

BURNSIDE COAL is a firm, well prepared, low volatile (smokeless) fuel, similar in appearance to anthracite, but of a much greater endurance.

BURNSIDE COAL is positively the lowest ash coal mined and relatively higher in heat units than any other known fuel.

BURNSIDE COAL has been used extensively in the Middle West States for years solely for domestic purposes, and is a proven success. You don't need to experiment with this fuel. Simply fire it as you are accustomed to firing anthracite and note the lessened consumption and smaller ash yield.

SOLWAY COKE

Not a substitute for anthracite coal, but a better fuel in every respect.

It does not require the tedious adherence to special rules for firing that other cokes require. Simply load up your furnace, give it a little less draft than hard coal fire and you will find that you have discovered a fuel that disposes of your heating problem.

Solway Coke is a clean fuel with the result that the ash is a negligible factor, fifty per cent. less than the best hard coal. Think of the labor-saving in disposing of the ash alone as compared with anthracite! Add to that the saving in initial cost of Solway Coke over anthracite, and if you place any value on the satisfaction you are bound to experience when burning Solway Coke in your home, you will order it immediately.

SMITHING COAL.
CANNEL COAL.
SOFT COAL.
No. 1 BUCKWHEAT COAL.

Anthracite Coal

In all the usual sizes

VANLUVEN'S

POULTRY.

Four Well Marked Species of Fowl Are Known.

The term poultry is derived from the French "poulet," the diminutive form of the other French word "poule," meaning a fowl. Our word poultry is usually regarded as including the whole of the domesticated birds reclaimed by man for the sake of their flesh and their eggs.

The word fowl comes from the old Danish "fugel," and was originally used in the same sense that bird now is, but practically almost confined at present to designate the otherwise nameless species which strute on our dunghills, gathers round our barndoors, or stocks our poultry yards—the type of the genus "Gallus," of ornithologists. To use the terms of common speech, by fowl in this sense it means cocks, hens and chickens.

Four well marked species of fowl are known. The first of these is the red jungle-fowl of the greater part of India, called by many writers "Gallus bankiva," which is undoubtedly the parent stock of all the domesticated races found to-day on farms and in poultry yards. It inhabits northern India and many of the eastern islands including the Philippines.

This species resembles in plumage what is commonly known as game poultry-fanciers as the "black-breasted game breed." This species is found in lofty forests and in dense thickets, and when cultivated land is near the haunts, it may be seen in the fields after the crops are cut in straggling parties of from ten to twenty. The crow of the cock is like that of a bantam, never prolonged as in most domesticated birds. Such is the red jungle-fowl of India, the "Gallus bankiva," which is undoubtedly the parent stock of all our cocks, hens and chickens.

The second good species is the grey jungle-fowl, which occupies the southern part of the Indian Peninsular, without being found elsewhere. The cock has the end of the shaft of the neck hackles dilated, forming a horny plate, like a drop of yellow sealing-wax. His call is very peculiar, being a broken and imperfect kind of a crow, quite unlike that of the jungle-fowl, already described, and more like a cackle.

The third species is the Sinhalese jungle-fowl, peculiar to Ceylon. This also greatly resembles in plumage some domestic birds, but the cock is red beneath, and has a yellow comb with red edge and purplish-red cheeks and wattles. He has also a singularly different voice, his crow being disyllable.

The fourth species inhabits Java, and the islands eastward. This species differs remarkably from the others in not possessing hackles, and in having a large unserrated comb of red and blue and only a single chin wattle. The predominance of green in its plumage is another easy mark of distinction. Such are the four species of fowl, but from the first use it in his village, it would make the people unclean to have their images stolen from them and taken away by Christian. In his displeasure he forthwith abandoned the tour through the village, and we returned in dudgeon to the hospitals in which Si Jellili kept his wives. However, he said no more of the incident, and we discovered that great preparations had been made for our reception.

Miss Sutton succeeded, however, in getting some photographs one even in her host's territory. Next morning, she says, I was up and out of my tent just as the sun was rising, for—despite the sheik's command to the contrary—I was determined to get a picture of the donar, and I thought it would be safest to take the photograph before the natives were stirring. I took up a position on a hillock which commanded a good view of the huts, fearful all the time lest someone should emerge and see me, for I knew that I was endangering both the guide's life and my own. I had just got the camera properly between a couple of women suddenly appeared to the right. I was absolutely terrified, but they did not seem alarmed, so I took the photograph in a great hurry and escaped back to my tent. Apparently the incident never came to the ears of Si Jellili, for I heard no more of it.

There is a good story of an Arab boy whom Miss Sutton encountered:

As we journeyed through the deserts of the Village I heard, proceeding from a grass hut, a whistled tune which sounded strangely familiar to me in this sun-scorched wilderness came lilting that old school air, which took me—homesick all of a sudden—back across the seas to Bonnie Bay. Of course, we dismounted, and Jules went to investigate. Suddenly a dirty Arab boy peered in the doorway, and he could actually speak a little English! He explained that he knew London well—"Oh, verra fine"—having once worked his passage there on a cargo-boat. And then, he boasted, he had spent fourteen days in the great city inside a "grand stone palace" (a prison) for stealing from his ship, before he had returned to his native land full of wonderful descriptions of the mad English nation.

Suddenly, while I was still laughing at his account of his adventures, he disappeared backwards into the hut, only to emerge a moment later swelling with pride, strutting with eloquent gestures and a veritable sunrise of smiles, a filthy, tattered Union Jack in his hand. It was given him by "the kind English gentleman —such a beauteous man, oh yes, like unto a coronation, damnal"—stating that he had been deported as an "undesirable alien!"

Pioneers of Flight.

The first aerial passage across the British Channel was made in 1785, when Francois Blanchard and an American doctor made a flight from England to France in a balloon.

The Y.M.C.A.

The first Young Men's Christian Association on the American continent was organized in Montreal in 1851.

Chums.

Money may not bring happiness, but many people believe that the two travel in company.—Boston Transcript.

Candle Factories in Africa.

Six candle factories in South Africa have an output valued at $3,000,000 annually.

Flexible Spout.

A new oil can has a flexible spout to reach places in machinery difficult of access without spilling.

Cannot Photograph in Colors.

It seems a remarkable thing, considering the progress of the science of photography and cinematography, that color photography is still an undiscovered secret. There are processes by which a natural camouflage of Nature can be produced, but the plate is yet to be made which will produce a landscape in autumn in all its wondrous tints, or take a portrait of a lady with the natural coloring of the hair, eyes, and complexion, with the various colors of her costume "in the manner as she lives."

Pennilion Singing.

Pennilion singing is quite common in Wales, and peculiar to the principality. It consists of an instrument playing over a tune in strict time and repeating it over and over again, while the singer or singers extemporize words to it in rhyme. The impromptu poetry must fit in with the music and is generally of an amusing character. The custom is quite common among the people, and the instrument used is their national instrument, the harp.

The Bible and Women Preachers.

Women preachers are taking comfort from the fact that one champion has discovered what they think is biblical recognition for them. In the prayer book version of Psalm lxviii, occurs the verse, "The Lord gave the word; great was the company of the preachers." The revised version of the Bible translates the passage thus: "The Lord giveth the word. The women that publish the tidings are a great host."

Never the Same Again.

Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they be fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones, never.—Walter S. Landon.

Brick

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Overhauled and Repainted Cars to go
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WILE BE SOLD RIGHT, or if your present car needs overhauling cheapest plan is to trade for a car that has been fixed right.
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Feed Grinding
On Saturday, Oct. 11th
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WATER POWER MILLS AT MILLHAVEN
for Custom Grinding.
M. R. MIDMER.

IN CENTRAL MOROCCO

WOMAN TRAVELLER WRITES OF WHAT SHE SAW.

Miss Fay Sutton Says Inland Shiek Is a Fierce, Dirty, Uninspiring Individual—Arab Boy Proud of His Visit to London.

Most people who have not visited this country, writes Miss Fay Sutton, describing in the Wide World Magazine a journey in Central Morocco, derive their ideas of the inhabitants, who, as they are more usually called) from modern novels, in which the sheiks and their countrymen appear in a most romantic guise. These notions are very far indeed from reality, for the sheik of Inland Morocco is a fierce, dirty, uninspiring individual who would cheerfully rob his best friend if only Providence would send an opportunity. Indeed, the state of the natives may be imagined from the single fact that even to-day, in Meknes, which is quite a large town, a native sect called Isa Aissa rushes out of a mosque on their religious feast-days, and then run madly through the streets, dancing and shrieking and devouring the raw flesh of sheep and goats as they go. On these occasions all the Jews in the town barricade themselves behind powerful gates in their own quarter, for were they to be met by this howling mob, who hate Jews even more than Christians, they would be torn to pieces.

Miss Sutton's camera brought her into disgrace with Sidmun ben Ahmed native village, Sheik Si Jellili ben Ahmed received her courteously, invited her to a meal in his hut, and showed her the village bath. This, Miss Sutton proceeds, was quite a communal affair—a hive-shaped room of mud about four feet high with a small hole on either side. Through one of these holes the bather crawls, and through the other a little charcoal fire on a slab is pushed by a friend, with a petrol-tin full of water reposing upon it. The latter is filled in supposed to arise is sufficient for the bather's simple needs—he is careful not to touch the water! Even those the Arabs endeavour not to use the bath too often, as was shown by the fact that, at the time of our visit, hens were sitting on eggs inside!

We passed women squatting on the ground before their huts and grinding corn between two stones in the ancient manner, and, being naturally interested, I made an instinctive motion to unsling my camera. I can truthfully say that no one was more alarmed than myself when everybody in sight, except Si Jellili himself, precipitately disappeared. Even he looked dangerous until Jules hastily explained that the camera was not a firearm. When he was further informed that the mission of the "black box" was to take pictures, the sheik warmed his coldly never to use it in his village. It would make the people unclean to have their images stolen from them and taken away by Christian. In his displeasure he forthwith abandoned the tour through the village, and we returned in dudgeon to the hospitals in which Si Jellili kept his wives. However, he said no more of the incident, and we discovered that great preparations had been made for our reception.

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Each unbroken "Bayer" package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell bottles of 24 and 100.

Greeks Prize Rugs.

Rug making is as old as Greece itself, but it was never made a commercial item, and it was rare indeed that a weaver could be persuaded to part with his rug. Greek rugs are of two kinds, the heavy ones used in winter and the light ones used at all times. In the beginning the designs were of the simplest, but later the Greeks borrowed floral designs from the Persians, which loan was amply repaid with the development of Grecian art. Venetian rugs are also very rare.

Ticket Not Filled Out.

There was a new baby in the corner house, and the proud parents had sent out announcement cards to friends and neighbors. Mary, who lived in the same block, was anxious to see the new baby, and was waiting impatiently for the time to come when she could go. One afternoon at another neighbor's house she saw that she, too, had an announcement of the baby's arrival. "Oh, and you get a ticket to see the baby?" she said. "We did, but it didn't say what day to come."

Sunrise.

She struggled to a certain hilltop and saw before her the silent infooding of the day. Out of the east it welled and whitened; the darkness trembled into light; and the stars were extinguished like the street lamps of a humanity. The whiteness brightened into silver, the silver warmed to gold, the gold kindled into rose and living fire, and the face of the east was barred with elemental scarlet.—R. L. Stevenson.

Better Than Medicine.

Remember that medicine is, for most part, nothing but the substitute of exercise and right thinking. And it does not take a great deal of either right thinking or fresh air to enable you to throw off any ordinary symptom of illness. All that is necessary is for you to hold in your mind the thought that you are both healthy and cheerful.

What Pewter Is.

Pewter is an alloy of tin and usually antimony, copper and bismuth for the best qualities of pewter, and lead for the inferior kinds. The tin always preponderates, and the proportion is largest in the best pewter. One hundred parts of tin to eight of antimony, four of copper and one of bismuth are given as the proportions of good ware.

A Perfect Arm.

The proportions of the perfect arm in a woman of about 5 feet 5 inches are as follows: The circumference of the upper arm should be about 13 inches, that of the fore arm 9 inches and of the wrist 6 inches. The upper arm should be one-third shorter than the forearm.

Incredibly Silly Order.

Army orders regarding mustaches recall the fact that the Bank of England once issued an order forbidding clerks to wear mustaches during business hours. This remarkable order afforded the public so much amusement that it was soon canceled.

Some Romance Needed.

If life has never led you down the paths of romance, go in search of it. Find it in books—lose yourself in romantic plays. For, you need romance. Let it lift you out of the workaday world and refresh you.

Man Who Moves the World.

The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.—Bernard Shaw.

Who Could, Indeed?

English paper—"Miss Leitch played delightful golf up to the hole, but when once she had arrived there the result was almost indicrous, as she could not hit the ball truly with her puttee."

They Still Survive.

Our young friend Clarence Snodgrass says he sent a dollar to Chicago for a "Never-failing Cigar Lighter" and received by mail a box of safety matches.—New Orleans States.

NATURE'S WONDERS.

Is Very Considerate of All Her Little Creatures.

Nature is very considerate of all her little creatures, and those that in their bodily structure are defenceless against enemies are provided with special armor.

We find that certain grubs with very soft bodies, and without weapons to use in self-defence against those who wish them ill, are able to build little cases in which they live during the helpless period of their life until they get their wings.

The best known among these case-makers are caddis-worms, which glue together various materials according to the fancies of the different species; now a sand, then bits of pieces of wood, or leaves, or tiny shells. In these they travel about under water, to their own satisfaction and the discomfiture of their enemies.

There are certain caterpillars known in the South of France as bag-worms and in South America as basket insects, which not only built elaborate cases to protect their soft bodies, but live in them. They travel from branch to branch, feeding upon the leaves and balancing themselves in a remarkable manner.

"Hitching one's wagon to a star" is child's play compared with the everyday accomplishments of the bag-worm, which, when it moves along the underside of a leaf, holding on to the surface with its first pair of legs, and guiding its long body enclosed in a stiff and rather cumbersome case.

At the beginning of its caterpillar existence the tiny creature starts building its case. First it fixes a double mop of silk, then creeps through it and thus gets the strands around its body. To this foundation the rest of the structure is erected, with silk as the main material, made firm by a sort of gum secreted by the caterpillar in its salivary glands.

The largest kind of bag-worm makes its case of fragments of twigs on the usual silk foundation. As the caterpillar grows it leaves its old house and constructs a new one, the full-sized one being about two inches long. By that time it looks like a little faggot or bundle of sticks.

When the caterpillar is fully-grown, it prepares for the, rest period by covering the inside structure with silk to make it even more secure. It accomplishes this without unduly exposing itself to danger.

The male moth hatch out with wings, but the females are wingless, and so these never leave their home.

In one corner of the case a little cluster of eggs is laid, each egg wrapped very carefully in bright yellow fluff. After she has completed her task the mother moth curls herself in a corner and dies.

PERILS OF POPULARITY.

Hand-Shaking Reduced to a Fine Art by Popular Men.

If you have ever shaken hands with a prince or a president you will have realised that they have reduced handshaking to a fine art. There is none of the hearty pressure with which one friend meets another. There cannot be, for when a man has to shake hundreds—even a few hundred—of hands in a day, the result is not merely unpleasant—it is painful, as the Prince of Wales has discovered.

American Presidents spend hours weekly in shaking hands. I once attended a reception given by the late President Cleveland, says a writer in the London Daily Mail, and, although the place was a mere country village, over seven hundred people were waiting to shake his hand. I was told that Mr. Cleveland's right hand was a size larger than the left, and I believe that this is one of the disabilities which attend the term of office of nearly every President.

At one of his Oyster Bay receptions President Roosevelt spent four hours on end shaking hands with more than eight thousand people. Mr. Roosevelt was a man stronger than most, yet when the ordeal was over he was exhausted.

The art of being a personage is the difficulty of getting out of the limelight. Someone once asked the late President Loubet if he had seen a certain museum in Washington. "Never," he answered sadly. "If I turn up anywhere the curator and every other official turn up and allow me so much attention that I never see the building. I have often thought," he added, "of providing myself with a disguise so that I could knock about where I please, unobserved and unattended."

Perhaps some such thought runs at times in the head of the King. One cannot help realizing how greatly he and the Queen would enjoy a day "on their own" at the London Exhibition, unobserved and unattended.

Gull Crosses Atlantic.

In the records of aviation, the feat of the first gull to fly the Atlantic Ocean is an honorable one, and worthy of record. A young, bittern, was found in Newfoundland wearing a silver band upon which were inscribed the words: "Inform Witherby, Holborn, London, England," and the bird has been identified as one that had been released from the coast of Northumberland by a correspondent of the London naturalist.

It is quite likely that this gull was forestalled by big great achievement by other gulls, but it is only to have to record that the bird was shot.

"French" Grapes.

Until a few years ago some of the finest "French" grapes were grown on the south coast of England and shipped across the Channel.

A Rapid Grower.

The giant bamboo, which sometimes reaches 120 feet, grows a foot a day.

Correct Your Mistakes.

It is only an error in judgment to make a mistake, but it shows infirmity of character to adhere to it when discovered.

Wise Words.

"Love you enemies," said Uncle Eben, "but don't give 'em no chance to mark de deck or use loaded dice."

Locust Trees.

The locust tree was one of the first American trees to be taken to Europe.

POPE'S DRESS REFORMS

CAMPAIGN AGAINST MODERN DRESS EMBARRASS TOURISTS.

Women Are Requested to Leave Church When They Appear In Short Sleeves, Low-necked Dresses or Short Skirts.

Pope Pius XI.'s campaign against women's modern dress, which recently was actively intensified by Cardinal Vanutelli's orders enforced at St. Mary Major's against allowing women with short sleeves and collarless dresses to enter his church, has had a far-reaching and bewildering effect on tourists visiting Rome, says a correspondent of the New York Tribune. Like their Italian sisters, they have followed the style of comfortable summer dresses with short sleeves and rounded necks, regardless, or rather ignorant of the fact that a campaign had been started against such garb. Many Americans have had experiences which they have written down as unique if not reminiscent of the Middle Ages. One day last summer an ardent sightseer was gazing raptly at the altar piece in the church of St. Mary Major's when a sexton drew nigh and pointed with horror at her arms, which were bare, as the sleeves were almost non-existent.

She looked at the spot where he pointed and see nothing wrong, except that she was rather sunburnt. Not speaking Italian she could not understand and thought he wanted a tip. When she produced her purse he indignantly pushed it away and continued his remarks, pointing to her arms. Soon he was seconded by a coy old priest, who tried hard to explain. The visitor walked away, laughed, but neither the sexton nor the priest joined, because for them, it was a very serious business. As sightseeing under the circumstances seemed impossible she was at a loss what to do, when to put her hand on the sexton's arm and with some words of advice, which were quite lost on her, he escorted her out of the church. Regretfully the woman wished she had studied Italian, so she might have understood what they wanted, but really, though puzzled, she continued her program for the day, which included a visit to the nearby Basilica of St. John. In the side aisles she was left alone, but when she came to the high altar she was again approached by a sexton, who pointed to her arms.

With very little aid he pointed to the exit, and when she did not understand he motioned for her to follow him. In the end he escorted her out. The next church was the Basilica of Santa Croce. She succeeded in seeing almost all the church, but when she reached the high altar another sexton accosted her, pointed to her arms and in tone of reprimand ordered her to leave the church. By this time she understood enough to recognize that she was to go. She was grieved and vexed and decided to inquire of an Italian friend at the hotel what it all meant. She explained, pointing to her bare arms, that according to the regulations of the church, her short sleeves were indecent. "But," she added, "all you have to do is to buy a scarf of some sort and throw it over your shoulders when you enter the church. That is what I am going to do." This explained why the people in the church were so casual when she was being scolded.

Possibly they, too, had gone through the same experience.

This experience is not an isolated case. One American girl while passing through Paris on her way to Italy decided to buy summer clothes which would be suitable for her stay in Rome. The dress she bought was not only diaphanous and cool, but it also was very abbreviated. She herself thought that she would never be able to wear it in America, so she had it lengthened, but the dressmaker failed to make it as long as she wanted, and as she was in a hurry and the mode in Rome was for fairly short dresses, she decided to have it increased for home use after her stay in Rome was finished. This girl was sightseeing one day in an old Roman church and diligently reading her guide book, sitting in front of a famous fresco of Perugino. She was deeply interested and was surprised, as well as startled, to feel a tap on her shoulder. Thinking it was a cat, she moved back and looked up. An elderly monk was gazing sadly at her, as if in condemnation, and pointed to her stockings. She spoke no Italian, so she could not understand what he wanted.

She returned to reading her book, but the old man pulled down the edge of her skirt. She realised that the short skirt was a little higher than convention allowed, and she raised herself and pulled it down as far as she could. Satisfied with her reward, on recounting the incident, that it was really too short. The old monk continued to gaze sadly at her for a while and finally he seemed so perturbed she closed her book and left the church. The old monk accompanied her to the door and with his hands pointed to the length her skirt should be. Women with rounded neck dresses have been added to leave the altar rails while others have been stopped at church doors by priests, who stand watching the congregation as it enters for mass. Italian women have taken this campaign goodhumoredly. They have scarfs and shawls which they slip on before entering the churches, while others have had special long-sleeved high neck dresses made for church use. These drastic rules have been enforced to such an extent in regard to those who receive tickets for papal audiences that women are swathed to their ears in lace veils and scarfs, while their hands are entirely covered with exaggeratedly long sleeves. Besides this, long skirts prevent showing of shapely, or unshapely, ankles.

Accommodating.

Jinks—Have you got quarters for a dollar, old man? Winks—My vest pocket is rather crowded, but pass it over and I'll try to make room for it.

Hoe.

When Thales was asked what is most universal he answered hope, for hope stays with those who have nothing else. —Epictetus.

The normal school turns out professors of philosophy. Only the school of life produces philosophers.

Attractions of Troyes.

It is as an ecclesiastical city that Troyes is particularly interesting, in that famous cathedral are the remains of 25 archbishops and electors and four bishops. Among its treasures is a legendary nail from the Cross, and the famous Holy Coat, given the cathedral by St. Helena. In 1933 an exhibition of the Coat attracted more than 2,000,000 pilgrims. Another attraction for pilgrims is the grave of St. Matthias in one of the ancient churches—the only grave of an apostle in Germany.

Roller Bearings.

Experiments to perfect a bearing that would withstand the heavy strains of a heavy cane mill led to the discovery of the principle, and to the development of the Hyatt roller bearing, by John Wesley Hyatt, the inventor, who also invented celluloid in his factory he made the material for ivory used in billiard balls. His studies in flexibility along the billiard ball line preceded and led up to his invention of the first flexible roller bearing.

Motor-Driven Potato Peeler.

A machine which will peel 60 pounds of potatoes in three or four minutes was described and illustrated in Popular Mechanics Magazine, the peeling being done in a revolving drum driven by a one-third horse-power motor. The inner surface of the drum has been roughened by making numerous perforations in the metal. When filled it is locked into a wooden container and set to running.

Full Explanation.

Arnold could not bear to have anything that smacked of femininity applied to himself or his tiny baby brother. One day, after watching his eye on the baby carriage while the mother stepped into the apartment. A woman passing looked into the carriage and seeing the infant said: "Isn't she a sweet child?" Arnold, indignant, replied: "He ain't no she; it's a him."

Nature's Great Wisdom.

There is something so sublimely positive in nature. She never kills for the mere sake of killing; but every death is but one step in the vast weaving of the web of life. She has no process of destruction which, as you turn it to the other side and look at it in what you know to be its truer light, you do not see to be the process of construction.—Phillips Brooks.

Devolved From Passing Idea.

It was a passing idea which gave to the world the discovery of galvanic electricity, so useful in transmitting oral or written language. Mme. Galvani simply happened to notice the contraction of the muscles of a skinned frog accidentally touched at the moment her husband took a spark from an electrical machine, and that was the whole thing!

Snakes in Ireland.

There are snakes in Ireland, but only two or three species. The popular idea that Ireland is snakeless arose from an error made by a compositor in the translation of Horebrow's "History of Ireland" in 1758. The compositor made "Iceland" into "Ireland," and the sentence has remained. Iceland is too cold for snakes.

Learned Great Truth Early.

Son has just begun to go to school and has much to say about the new little girls he meets, but every few days it is a different girl that arouses him. His mother said, "I'm afraid, son, that you are changeable." He answered, "Taint me that changes; it's them, when you know them better."

Million Shillings a Day.

At Tower Hill, London, England, copper coins are made very quickly, and even silver coins can be turned out at the rate of a million a day. This is remarkable, for there are eight distinct processes in the manufacture of a shilling.

The refined metal is melted and cast into long bars, which are then rolled into strips from which blank discs are cut. These are carefully weighed and adjusted. Then follows the "marking" or edge-rolling—either to produce a raised rim or to impress a design on the edge. The discs are then annealed and cleaned with an acid, after which they are struck by means of dies surrounded with a collar.

The final process is that of weighing each coin. These tasks in connection with the casting of gold or silver coins entail a certain amount of waste, which makes the Mint "sweep" an important operation. Ground-up crucibles, ashes, and even floor sweepings are collected, and yield considerable quantities of gold or silver dust and filings.

Canada has a Mint at Ottawa; there are branches in Australia—at Sydney, Melbourne, and Perth; while South Africa mints its own coins at Pretoria. But they are all under the general direction of the Tower Hill authorities. Hong Kong, Jamaica, Rhodesia, and East and West Africa all commission the London Mint for their coinage. Other foreign powers are regular customers.

Cave Men's Arsenal.

In the neighborhood of the great naval port of Chatham, England, cave men, millions of years ago, had an arsenal of arms. Medway, when that river's course ran close to where Frindsbury is now.

Two local men made the discovery about two years ago, and since then about four thousand hammer stones, flint axes and scrapers, and other worked flints, have been taken out of the dump.

The tools and weapons, although they belong to the earliest period of the Stone Age, are wonderfully efficient. Some of the edges are still almost as keen as razors.

Normal Beat of Pulse.

The normal beat of the human pulse is 72 per minute, although speeds of 175 and even 180 have been recorded.

Artificial Wool from Pine.

An artificial wool made from pine trees has been developed in Germany.

The Duchess

By "THE DUCHESS"

Author of "Phyllis," "Mildred Trevanion," "Molly Bawn," "The Hon. Mrs. Vereker," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

Once again that soft, low, trained laughter falls on Norah's ears; the perfume of many flowers stirs the air; the room seems wrapped in a rich subdued glow, out of which one face alone looks clearly. His face! Denis! After one rapid glance the cruel pain of her heart grows easier, as instinct tells her it is not Katherine to whom he is speaking in that calm smiling fashion.

Meantime, madame has led her up to a couch drawn somewhat apart, on which a pretty, aristocratic-looking young woman is sitting, with two or three gentlemen hovering round her. Her face is the most innocent thing imaginable, immobile almost, but for the eyes, which are exceedingly brilliant when you can see them—which is not often. Long lashes, falling from the upper lids and lying on the cheeks, are educated to be a cover for these charming tell-tales.

"Sophie, this is my niece," says madame, standing before her. "Norah, let me make you known to Lady Glandore."

"Ah!" says the pretty young woman. She sits up quite straight and lets those bashful eyes of her study the Duchess just for a second or two. Then she puts out her hand with a wonderfully friendly smile.

"We have been expecting you," she says, in a sweet, slightly nasal voice; "but—we did not quite expect all this!" Then she drags her eyes away from the girl's fresh loveliness and looks at madame with a sense of reproach in her every feature. "Oh! madame, this is very hard on us," she says, plaintively.

Madame laughs and leads the Duchess a step or two further to where a lively looking brunette is engaged in a seemingly warm argument with a young man who is leaning a good deal. With a quick knowledge that she is glad of his presence, Norah sees that it is Kilgarriff. He is a slight man, about five feet ten in height, with a pale face, extremely dark eyes and a black mustache, rather Italian in appearance, but with something homely about him that forbid's the idea of foreign parentage.

The pretty brunette had given way in the lively discussion, and had centered her attention on the approaching madame and her companion. She now makes a step forward.

"It is—" she says, hesitating, and smiling at the Duchess.

"Norah," replies madame, smiling too. Then looking at her niece, "Norah, this is Nancy Blake; I hope you and she will be good friends."

"Madame's hopes are our laws," says the Honorable Nancy, smiling at Norah, who responds to the smile and then looks past her to where Kilgarriff is standing behind her. That young man has had time to gain a very brilliant color and lose it again, in a rather remarkable manner, while the Duchess has been making her way up to the room. She herself grows faintly pink now as she speaks to him.

"How d'ye do, Otho?" says she rather demurely.

Lord Kilgarriff accepts the hand she holds out, rather nervously.

"This is an unexpected meeting," he stammers, somewhat baldly.

"An unexpected pleasure, you might have said," suggests Miss Blake, with mischievous reproach in her tone.

"How is it you are here?" asks Norah, who is very little embarrassed. "You never told me that you knew my aunt."

"I think it arose more from the fact of my knowing her," says Miss Blake, with a little shrug. "I met Lord Kilgarriff on the Riviera some weeks ago, and," calmly, "took quite a fancy to him." Kilgarriff laughed. "I happened to mention his name to Madame Delaney on my return, when she instantly remembered that his father, or great-grandsire, or somebody belonging to him, had once been the bosom friend of her people; so she asked him here, and out of the goodness of his heart he accepted the invitation. Vla tout."

Kilgarriff makes some rather rambling return to this half-mocking speech, and the Duchess, slipping into a chair near Miss Blake, begins to look with curiosity around her. She passes over most of the women present until her eye falls upon a low lounging-chair of saffron velvet, in which, she feels, sits the one for whom she has been unconsciously seeking ever since her entrance into the room.

It is beyond doubt a very handsome picture on which she is now gazing. Miss Cazalet is lying back in the low chair, trifling indolently with a tiny black-and-tan terrier that lies crouching her lap, her eyes turned lightly upward to the man who is leaning over the back of her lounge. Those eyes are dark and lustrous, but the rather light blue, swept by lashes that are extremely dark and curl daintily upward. Her nose is pure Greek, her mouth perfect. The only thing that is that is drawn back so softly from her broad, low brow is of a pure and very gold color. One can see that she is tall and slender, and that she is possessed of an ease and elegance not to be rivaled. Her voice, as it comes faintly to Norah, who is watching her, spell-bound, and sick at heart, sounds soft and low as distant music. It would be indeed a most degenerate man, one lost to all grace, who could dare to find a fault in that faultless form.

The man conversing with her now does not all events come under this head, as his devotion is sufficiently marked to be seen by all who will. He is a middle-aged gentleman, stout, and somewhat scant of breath, with the commencement of a very respectable tonsure on the top of his head. He is, however, bending over Miss Cazalet in a semi-lover-like attitude and is apparently addressing her with all the ardor of youth.

"Sir Brandrum Boileau," says Miss Blake, seeing where Norah's eyes are riveted. "You know Katherine Cazalet, of course. She is considered the handsomest blonde in the kingdom. Sticky, I call her; but then I'm a heretic and don't love those heavy jeux of hers, in spite of their saintliness. Last season she was staying with the St. Lawrences in Park Lane, and went about a good deal with them, and after a bit she became known as the 'Virgin Mary.' She is so seraphic! But of course as an angel I confess I like the other sort best, the demons. I'm a demon!" concludes she, pounding at it were, angel Kilgarriff, with quite a tragic note in her voice.

"Do not!" says he, with a violent start and in a deprecatory tone. She laughs.

"Now, shall I tell you about the others?" she says to Norah. "They are not of the least consequence, taking them as a whole; but I suppose I had better put you up about them. That little weasel-faced man over there is an author; he is all brain, no body. They say he sold himself to the devil half a century ago, contenting to let his body go if Lady Glandore might live forever, and he has been calmly dwindling ever since."

"Half a century, life does it with care," says the Duchess. Miss Blake looks at her with appreciation.

"I begin to have quite a respect for you," she says to Kilgarriff, sotto voce, and with that young man of course calls to understand her she gives him a gentle but scornful push and tells him to bring Lady Glandore to her aid, as Miss Delaney is proving too much for her.

"He is such a muff!" says she, when he, obedient, has departed.

"After all, I dare say you were right."

"Right, how?"

"In refusing him."

"Oh! But how do you know that?" says the little shocked.

"Why, he told me, of course," says Miss Blake, with charming unconcern. "He never keeps anything from me. Bless me, what an awkward creature it is."

For Kilgarriff, in his eager haste to return, tumbles helplessly over a little milking-stool in the way, and all but measures his length on the floor.

"What's the good of your steaming up the room at twenty knots an hour?" demands the Honorable Nancy, half laughing. "Sit down, unless she hurry come in? The day is always unconscionably long, spread it out as much as you can."

Lady Glandore's face has come up to them, sinks laughing into her seat.

"Those little stools are the most treacherous things imaginable," she says, "specially when they're black. One can hardly see them; and really of what wonderful use are they after all that we should run the risk of endangering life and limb?"

"Well, I don't know; they have their use, you know," says Kilgarriff, regarding with a certain amount of complance the black and perilous stool in question. "They give you the free use of both your hands still for some long ago, having to hold your cup and your cake both. Now you can put your cup down and eat your cake, or you can put your cake down and eat your cup—or—ah! that is—"

"Oh, never mind!" says Miss Blake.

"Is Nancy letting you into a few of the mysteries?" asks Lady Glandore, in her soft, low, rather drawling voice, turning to Norah. "She is very good at that sort of thing; but I think Mr. Wylding is even better. He is the absurd-looking person with sandy hair at the end of the room, and that little tub of a woman on our right is his wife, but she doesn't count. At least he won't let her."

"No, poor little soul! I often wonder why she married him," says a man with a dark, clean-shaven face, who has just sauntered up—Sir Philip Glandore, as the Duchess afterward discovers. "I rather like her in spite of her many defects."

"Why, yes," says Miss Blake. "She is better than some. I suppose he had money. By the bye, who is he?"

"It doesn't matter in the least, my good child, who anybody is nowadays; it is what he has. He may be a button man or a vender of bricks for aught I care, as if to ensure it, a minute or two. Miss Blake, after a sharp glance at her, steps to the rescue.

"I see. He kept you in order as he does the rest of us, and you don't like to say so. A cousin, like a brother, is the true tonic; but wholesome. Correctives, you know, are always nasty. Dear Denis, it is a shame for me to say a word against him. It is a sin against my conscience, as I know no one I so sincerely like."

The Duchess involuntarily lifts her eyes to hers—a world of sad gratitude in their depths. If Miss Blake had wanted confirmation of her suspicions, she has it now in full. A touch of genuine regret darkens her piquant face for a moment, and in that moment she reads the honest, friendliness toward the slender creature by her side. Instinctively she lifts her gaze and turns it on Delaney, who is standing partly within the recess of a window. Thus situated he is rather hidden from the general eye, and Miss Blake's direct glance falls upon him without disturbing the direction of his own.

Was ever despair more keenly expressed than in those dark eyes that are fixed with such a mournful, yet impassioned intensity upon the Duchess? They tell their tale to the attentive watcher—there is no need for further speculation. The Duchess loves this little dark newcomer as he has never loved the handsome blonde—as he has never yet loved any one—as he will never love again—is explain to Miss Blake as if his own lips had said it.

And now he starts. His melancholy day-dream is broken in upon by the approach of his mother, who comes up to him with a distracted smile.

"She is charming. Quite a picture. Not one word too much did you say," declares she with soft enthusiasm. "Was there ever such a mouth, such eyes? and her pretty little hands! I must manage somehow to take her to town next season and have her presented. She will be quite the fashion at once, her coloring is so very original, and her manners are fresh. In fact, I predict all sorts of good things for her. She ought, in my opinion, to make a very excellent marriage."

Delaney bites his lip.

"How you run away with things," he says, in a tone more impatient than he had ever yet addressed his idolized mother. "Here to-day—and already married! Let her breathe a moment or two, poor child."

"Ah, well, we shall see," says madame, vaguely. The impatience, the touch of pain in his dearest voice, have not passed by unheeded. "I can't say, she is but a child." Then she passes on quickly to greet another guest who has just arrived, and Delaney goes down the room—his happy contemplation of her he loves.

He has made a slight movement, as

his mother went by, and through it his position has become more known to those immediately within his view. Two cold blue eyes, uplifting themselves from the black-and-tan terrier, grow very exegrest in their expression, and watch him with a studied attention, tiny that denies the power to thwart them. When she has witnessed his absorption for quite a minute, a very cold smile parts Miss Cazalet's lips. Lifting the tiny creature on her lap, she drops him deliberately, and rather cruelly, with contempt's proving upon the floor. A squeal is the result of this manoeuver, and Denis, starting, looks in its direction, and straight into Miss Cazalet's eyes. Something in them chills him, but he had hardly time to decide what it was when she has risen, and is standing to where the Duchess is sitting, close to Nancy Blake, and talking to a young man, rather stout and very closely cropped, who rejoices in an eyeglass and the shortest coat that decency will permit, and who seems gifted with quite a fund of light and airy converse.

Miss Cazalet having demanded very prettily, and obtained an introduction to the Duchess, hands her attention to the idle shafts of talk that every now and then reach her ear.

"I've run down for a week," the stout young man with an inch or two of coat is saying, with a beaming smile. "Madame wrote me word there was a garden-party on for this week, so I knew I was safe to meet Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and as she is at present the light of my eyes and all that sort of thing, I couldn't resist."

"Don't be too cruel! What on earth will become of the others?" says Sir Philip.

"Well, that's it, you see! What is a fellow to do?" says the stout young man—Mr. Greene.

"I hate garden-parties—paltry things," says Miss Blake. She has fixed my fondest hopes upon the fancy dress ball to come off later on. Which would you prefer?" turning with a little friendly air to Norah.

"The ball, I think," says she, half shyly. It is an adorable shyness, that brings Mr. Greene to her feet in no time.

"Trust the Duchess for that," says Kilgarriff, with a lingering glance at his old friend and playfellow.

"The Duchess!" repeats Miss Cazalet in her clear sweet voice. "Is that how they call you?"

"So Dad gives Norah, with a rather painful blush—her voice about a whisper.

"The Duchess! A rather—er—pronounced sort of sobriquet, don't you think? But of course very appropriate," with a polite smile, but in a tone quite plainly audible that Duchess in question is in her opinion of very inferior quality indeed.

"And a right good Duchess, too," says Kilgarriff, resentful of this tone.

"No doubt," says Miss Cazalet with a steady smile.

"Some poor grace any vacant place in you retinue that you might offer to a deserving valet?" demands Mr. Greene, humbly. "If so, here he stands. Any post, however low, would be gladly accepted. Scullion—turn-spit—anything to serve you!"

"But that would rank precludes the idea, you should feel honored," says Miss Cazalet, fixing the girl's nervous shrinking eye with her own cold blue ones, but with a sense of keen pleasure to her in the agony of shyness that has overtaken the poor little Duchess at this finding herself the central object of this unknown circle. "Do you know—" Miss Cazalet is just beginning afresh, some subtle cruelty upon her lips, when there is a little stir behind her, and Denis, pale and stern, presents himself. He looks alone at Norah.

"My mother wants you," he says, curtly, and, drawing her hand within his arm, carries her away.

CHAPTER XV.

"The human heart, at whatever age, opens only to the heart that opens in return."

However, the end of the week brings too the end of Norah's shyness; several things helped her to conquer this very natural weakness. Honte that had overtaken her on finding herself brought so suddenly in contact with such a number of strangers; Miss Cazalet's subdued but perfectly unmistakably hostility for one thing—expressed by small imperticences and frailing pleasantry—and for another, Delaney's evident determination to protect her from it.

This last touched her pride most nearly. His protection she would not have—she would accept no help from him of any kind; therefore it behooved her to arouse herself and win a way for herself out of her troubles. Very small, very silly troubles, no doubt, but often very cruel. She had plenty of spirit to bring to her own aid, and a stout little heart, and very soon, too, she made to herself friends of Lady Glandore, who was amused by her, and of Nancy Blake, who honestly liked her. These two friendships greatly strengthened her hand—especially in the matter of Miss Blake, who was always only too eager to exert herself in the breeze where Katherine Cazalet was concerned.

"A word with you, Duchess," says this young lady, seating herself in the deep window recess of the room where Norah is scribbling a letter to her dad. "We've sworn a friendship, you and I—and if I'm nothing else I am at least faithful to my bonds. You as to Kilgarriff: have you quite done with him?"

"What?" coloring furiously. "I—I don't think I understand."

"Then why are you growing so dreadfully red?" asks Miss Blake, with a brutalness that does her honor. "However, if you want an explanation—"

"No, no," interrupts the Duchess, in horrified haste. "Only—how did you know?"

"Why, he told me himself. Last summer—a month or two ago, when I met him abroad. If," laughing, "you could only know how I once exercised your power! It used to bring in my wretched care morning, noon and night. Young men in that stage ought to be kept under until they are oxyen is over, or else given over to the tormentors. I did my little best in that line, role. But—ev-ery-t'ing are sure you have quite finished with that little affair—"

"It was never an affair of that sort —never," says Norah, with a little life. I'm fond of him as a sister may be, but—"

"Enough!" That sisterly touch is always fatal. To his hopes, however, not mine. Well, I'm going to be fond of him, too;" she leans back in her chair and laughs with a kindled enjoyment. "Infant in all but years though he be. Was there ever so absurd a boy? Only defect in my nature, no doubt, but I know this; I couldn't endure a master. They say women like to be domineered over—kept down; that they find their real happiness in being governed by a spirit stronger than their own. If it be so, behold in me the glorious exception to that rule!"

"Yes. But about Otho?" slightly puzzled. "What is it you mean to say about him?"

"Marry him," promptly. "As you assure me, you, my friend, have no tenderness in that quarter. And now Denis is back—back there, good matter. Have you forgotten it is the day of madame's garden-party, and that always the most convivial? Come, let me put you into your gown."

It is a day as beautiful as though it were "bespoke," to quote the peasant's phrase about here. Quietly weather of a verity, with a gleaming yellow sunshine that scorns to think of autumn, though already one begins to talk of golden September as though it was indeed here, so short a shrift has August now before it drops into the dim past.

The Duchess, very lovely in a soft white Indian silk, one of madame's gifts, glides into the long drawing-room in her pretty girlish way, though with her charming head well up; and, becoming at once conscious that some strangers are present, grows faintly pink and hesitates, until madame calls to her in the tone she has learned to love.

"Come here, child, just for one moment. The others are for the most part outside, but I want to introduce you to a very old friend of my father's—Sir Alfred Milne."

Sitting near her is in an old lady whom Norah had not until now seen at all, except by the corner of her eye, stout and lively with the orthodox cork-screw ringlets and a large, fat, most benevolent face. She seems, indeed, beaming with good-nature, and the Duchess draws near rises and laying both her hands on her shoulders, kisses her warmly.

"So this is the little niece," she says, "A very little and a very charming breath from the old days. You are like your mother, my dear—a little—and she was a lovely woman, but your eyes, your mouth—— Ah! my dear," turning to madame, "have you noticed it? She is so very like your husband."

"Yes, I see it," says madame, in a low constrained tone. Eyen now, after all these years that have passed, that one reproachful grief does not bebar talking about.

"I suppose your father, Nell Delaney—suppose he never told you about me," says the old lady, still holding Norah's hand very kindly, and smiling at her as though pleased by what she sees. "It is ages ago of course. One may well be forgotten. He did not speak to you of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, indeed!" says the Duchess, eagerly. "Often. I think"—with an adorable blush and a soft, shy movement of her eyelids—"I used to call you Bessie."

"And so he did, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, plainly enchanted by this touch. "And he still remembers me? That's nice now among old friends, and you must tell him from me—when writing, mind"—with a soft squeeze of her hand, "that I remember him, too, as well as when I was Bessie MacGillicuddy. God bless you, my dear; you are a very pretty child. And now sit here by me for a minute or two. I'd have called on you long ago, but I'm only just back from Italy—yesterday, indeed—and——"

At this instant somebody from behind lays both hands over Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's eyes and surprises her into silence. The same somebody puts further aside to his offered hand bestowing a hearty salute upon her plump cheek.

"Now, Denis! And that's yourself, of course. Not another one would have the audacity. Worse luck!" cried Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, gayly disengaging herself. "Pity it is not colonel isn't here to see. Well, and even if I was twenty years younger I dare say I wouldn't say no to that kiss, even though I am grandmother. Come, tell me everything; it seems like years since I saw one of you. When is the wedding to be, eh? You young people to dance yet. I can tell you. I'm not betraying secrets, eh?" smiling at Norah. "You know, of course, of this cousin's"—laying her hand on Denis' arm—"engagement?"

"Yes, I know," says Norah, steadily. She has grown very white. Delaney has turned away to the window, and is apparently lost in contemplation of the exquisite view outside. What dreadful thing is this kindly old lady going to say next, who would have bitten out her tongue rather than say anything—had she only known.

"We're getting quite impatient for a wedding, I must tell you," she rattles on merrily. "We haven't had so much as a ghost of one in the parish for the last two years. You should come to the rescue Denis. Come, now, when is it to be?"

"Is it a time for talking of marrying and giving in marriage," replies he, facing round again and speaking with only a marvelous composure, "with wars and rumors afoot? Why, the very air is thick with the odor of rebellion. Never has Kerry been in such a disaffected state."

"Kerry! I should and be done with it," says Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

"Well, who—e fault it is?" says the Duchess, suddenly, a little fretful sparkling in her eyes. "A little Ireland, whether she swims or sinks! Not England. She is a worry, a nuisance—no more. I know not how she could be rid of them wouldn't be a second's delay about the disposing of her. She is an incubus, a thing at which to shrug the shoulder. But has she ever been shown fair play? You know," looking at Denis, "I have always said that Ireland has never been slighted—kept at a distance, as it were—while the rest of Great Britain, Wales notably, has been petted ad nauseam. And I am sure a little, a very little love, would have made her loyal to the backbone."

"There's a rebel for you!" says Delaney, laughing, glad to an extent that the painful thing has led her to spontaneously address him again.

"Faith, there's a deal of sense, though, in what she says," declares Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, shaking her ringlets vigorously; "a rare good smattering of reason. Only the day before I left Dublin I was up. Let us come out and see what our friends in the open air are doing."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Just when I seemed about to learn, Where is the thread now? Off again! The old trick! Only one thing more, Infinite passion, and the pain Of finite hearts that yearn."

Not very much, when all is told. The day is too warm for that. A good deal of tennis, a little sauntering among the late roses, a tremendous amount of luncheon, and then tea—all as will. The afternoon flies by almost before one remembers it has begun, and none of the guests, for the most part, rather exhausted from doing nothing, and drinking tea, and champagne, and divers cups with an unfeigned appreciation of their merits.

Colonel O'Shaughnessy, a large, florid, well-bred-looking man, with a distinguished manner and the kindest heart in the world, is telling an old and thrilling Indian tale (born of his years in Hyderabad) to a select company. His wife, at a few yards' distance, is giving all the local gossip, collected since her return yesterday, to a pale little woman, who seems rather upset by it. Some of our other friends are scattered around, and Mr. Greene, who makes no secrets of his adoration, is lying prone at the feet of the Duchess. The colonel, having brought his tale to a pitch that is positively appalling, winds up suddenly with all the dash of the clever raconteur, and is rewarded by a silence that is half hysterical on the part of his unwilling audience.

Suddenly says some one—the rector's wife, I think—the little pale woman:

"Does any one know how Mrs. Brady is to-day? I heard she was ill, but——"

"Yes, I called there this morning," shouts Colonel O'Shaughnessy he always shouts more or less. "She's far from well. They told me she had been confined to bed for a month—opportune bit of coughing overtakes him.

"Confined? What are you talking about, colonel?" cries the wife in condemnation. "Why, they have only been man."

Providentially at this moment her cup slips along its saucer in the nesty, treacherous way cups will at times, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy makes a dash at it. Some tea and a very charming breath from the old days. You are like your mother, my dear—a little—and she was a lovely woman, but your eyes, your mouth—— Ah! my dear," turning to madame, "have you noticed it? She is so very like your husband."

"Yes, I see it," says madame, in a low constrained tone. Eyen now, after all these years that have passed, that one reproachful grief does not bebar talking about.

"I suppose your father, Nell Delaney—suppose he never told you about me," says the old lady, still holding Norah's hand very kindly, and smiling at her as though pleased by what she sees. "It is ages ago of course. One may well be forgotten. He did not speak to you of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, indeed!" says the Duchess, eagerly. "Often. I think"—with an adorable blush and a soft, shy movement of her eyelids—"I used to call you Bessie."

"And so he did, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, plainly enchanted by this touch. "And he still remembers me? That's nice now among old friends, and you must tell him from me—when writing, mind"—with a soft squeeze of her hand, "that I remember him, too, as well as when I was Bessie MacGillicuddy. God bless you, my dear; you are a very pretty child. And now sit here by me for a minute or two. I'd have called on you long ago, but I'm only just back from Italy—yesterday, indeed—and——"

At this instant somebody from behind lays both hands over Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's eyes and surprises her into silence. The same somebody puts further aside to his offered hand bestowing a hearty salute upon her plump cheek.

"Now, Denis! And that's yourself, of course. Not another one would have the audacity. Worse luck!" cried Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, gayly disengaging herself. "Pity it is not colonel isn't here to see. Well, and even if I was twenty years younger I dare say I wouldn't say no to that kiss, even though I am grandmother. Come, tell me everything; it seems like years since I saw one of you. When is the wedding to be, eh? You young people to dance yet. I can tell you. I'm not betraying secrets, eh?" smiling at Norah. "You know, of course, of this cousin's"—laying her hand on Denis' arm—"engagement?"

"Yes, I know," says Norah, steadily. She has grown very white. Delaney has turned away to the window, and is apparently lost in contemplation of the exquisite view outside. What dreadful thing is this kindly old lady going to say next, who would have bitten out her tongue rather than say anything—had she only known.

"We're getting quite impatient for a wedding, I must tell you," she rattles on merrily. "We haven't had so

"Ah! what?" says the Duchess, with a rather absent air, turning to Kilgarriff. It is plain the tone, not the words, have reached her ears.

"Miss Delaney—why this abstraction?" says Mr. Greene, in accents mildly reproachful. "Are all we nothing to you, that you thus wander into realms of fancy? Come back, come back, I entreat you, to solid earth and us and cease to tread in spirit immaterial space."

Norah, thus admonished, turns upon him a smiling face.

"I have been thinking," she says, "that I should like to play one set——"

"With me?" exclaims he, rapturously, scrambling to his feet. "Consider it done. Now to find two others on playful thoughts intent."

I was just wishing for a game myself," says Miss Cazalet, amiably. "What do you say? You and Miss Delaney against Mr. Wydling, but there is this one trifling obstacle to my bliss—I don't play."

"If I might aspire—" simpers Sir Brandrum, turning a languishing eye upon the young lady.

"To what?" asks Greene, innocently.

"To—er—to be Miss Cazalet's partner in this projected game of tennis," replies the baronet, stiffly; and then in a lower tone, addressed to the latter, "unless at his side, 'Oh! that I dared aspire to more—to all."

Miss Cazalet sweeps her cold eyes across his face with an insolence indescribable. This man—this old man —to presume to hope that she will throw over Ventry and Denis for him!

"Well, is it a match?" says Greene, looking at her with a dry twinkle in his eye.

"If you will," returns Miss Cazalet, "Sir Brandrum, as you know, is an excellent—indeed"—with a low glance at the unfortunate baronet, from under her half-closed lids, "we might say an old hand at it, and I——"

"You are indeed an enemy to fear," says Greene, with a bow—Miss Cazalet being the acknowledged head of the women players in the country. "Still if you will deign to give us a beating, I think Miss Delaney and I would like to receive it."

Norah, catching his eye, laughs a little. As it happens, Katherine and she have never played one against the other, and though comment on the excellence of Miss Delaney's performances on the tennis courts have reached Katherine's ears she had treated such praise as a pitiful truckling to the beauty that even she confessed to see.

When, therefore, the sets came to an end, leaving the Duchess flushed delicately and undeniably victress there comes a light into Miss Cazalet's pale-blue eyes hardly to be admired. She has been overthrown in public favor by this little foe.

"You have triumphed to-day in this matter," she says, in a soft undertone, with a smile into Norah's dark eyes. "It is a sign, you think, an indication that you will triumph always! But I tell you no." Then she delivers this out on Norah's cheeks. She grows very pale. It is impossible to misunderstand what has been said, what has been meant. Has this girl—who towers above her like her evil genius, white and dark though she be—can she have guessed her cruel secret? Has she pierced into her soul and read there the love that was reared in pain, and yet throbs with a vigor that defies all hope of death? This sudden fear blanches her cheek, but through it all there runs a thread of the coarseness that has permitted such words to be spoken.

"Always to triumph? No," she says, coldly, and with admirable self-possession. "That is given to few—to none perhaps. And there are days, I confess, when my serving is a very lamentable failure."

Miss Cazalet, I think Madame Delaney wants you—if I might be permitted," says Sir Brandrum, at this instant, who generally spoke in half sentences.

Katherine moves away with him, that curious light still within her eyes, and Norah, feeling tired, dispirited, heartsick, turns round and walks aimlessly in the other direction.

In the centre of the path she has chosen she sees Denis, and as he moves a step or two to meet her she has looks full at her with a kindly smile. If she sees it she makes no response to it, and only acknowledges his presence there by a little faint bow. Then she has passed him. And then a second later she knows he is beside her, walking down a little as if trying to look into her face.

"May we not be friends, my little cousin?" says he, gently. She can see that he is pale, and that there is a great weariness in his miserable eyes.

"Friends! Why, that we are, surely," replies she, glancing down the ground, after that one swift upward look that is now hurting him so fiercely.

"I think not. I fear not. Everything," sadly, "is so changed. At home, there, in Ballyhinch, where first we met, we were so different."

"Ah, there I was in my father's house," with a desperate effort at gayety. "Then he behooved me to be civil to my father's guest." The words fall from her like stones. Oh, why must they be said? What evil fate has tried her so cruelly? But pride, pride—what is it a woman will not sacrifice for that!

"Will you wish me to understand?" asks he, growing, if possible, a shade paler. "That all those sweet days there were a mere wearying of the flesh to you? That you suffered me, indeed, but that no honest feeling of friendship toward me—that feeling, holy, to which I would have sworn—ever existed in your breast? Norah! Is that the truth? Is that your meaning?"

"Take it as you will," says she icily, although her lips are trembling. "You should not have asked the question."

They had stopped in the centre of a grass plot, rather deserted at the present moment, and now she looks restlessly past him, and from side to side, as if seeking hutely a way of escape.

"I trouble you. You would leave me," he says, unutterable despair in his tone, "and I have been with you a little to one side, as though to let her pass.

"No, no. You must not think that," murmurs she, faintly. She lifts her gaze to his, and he can see that, all at once as it were, the combative look has gone from her eyes. Riven as he is with counter emotions he can see that.

"Norah!" he exclaims, in a low piercing tone, catching her hand.

And then it is all over, and nothing is left him but the remembrance of the passionately contemptuous glance of those gray eyes —the haughty curl of the lips. She is halfway across the lawn now, moving quickly, as if a little frightened, to where Kilgarriff is standing. There is something in her whole air that seems to Delaney—standing there white, angry, stricken—suggestive of a desire for help, for protection! Yet what can help him? In that lies the sting—the bitterness of it. And to go to Kilgarriff, of all men! What, after all, if that old friendship was ripening into something warmer, if—even as she had refused him—the divine spark that lies in every heart had set her own aflame? How often does a foolish child, frightened, puzzled, by some strange, new experience, answer at random, scarce knowing its own mind!

And yet—and yet—how could he forget! Once again she stands upon the stepping-stone—once again she sways and trembles — and once again—what alas! for the mournful sweetness of a past moment never to be known again—she is within his arms. She lies upon his breast; willingly, he feels, she knows; against his heart her heart beats. And then the pretty head thrown back, the eyes upon his eyes—speaking with that swift, shy rapture into his. It is a momentary glance indeed—a flash. But, oh! what a world of tender love it holds!

To be Continued.

Unusual Preservative.

The leaves of the fern plant, which grows almost everywhere, are excellent preservatives for packing food, fruit and even meat. Potatoes packed in fern leaves are as fresh in the springtime as when they were first dug in the winter.

When Washington Died.

George Washington drew his last breath in the last hour of the last day of the last week of the last month of the last year of a century. He died at midnight on Saturday, Dec. 31, 1799.—Boston Post.

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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GET IT AT WALLACE'S

ONT. TOOK MANY PRIZES

FINE SHOWING OF HOLSTEINS AT NATIONAL DAIRY SHOW.

Ontario Department of Agriculture Assisted In Selection and Shipping —State Herd Prize Comes to This Province.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

Ontario Holstein breeders have again won a notable success at the National Dairy Show, which this year was held in Indianapolis.

Ten Ontario breeders entered twenty-four animals—nine bulls and fifteen females, and showed these twenty-four animals against approximately three hundred of the cream of American herds.

These Ontario farmers through the excellence of their stock were able to win individual prizes on eighteen of the twenty-four animals shown. The six animals not winning prizes were made up of four heifer calves, 1 bull calf, all of which were not as extreme in size as their American competitors, and consequently were hardly in a condition to compete in 1925, but another story might be told if these same calves were returned a year from now. The sixth animal, a four-year-old cow, while not winning a prize, stood eleventh—in a class of seventeen, being just outside the prize money.

The complete report of the winnings shows that Ontario breeders won: 4 firsts, 3 seconds, 4 thirds, 3 fourths, 1 fifth, 2 sevenths, 1 eighth, 2 tenths, and, in addition, won the Senior and Grand Champion female, Junior Champion male and first in the State herd, which is the most coveted prize put up by the National Dairy Exposition. The report of such winnings by representatives from the herds of Ontario should be an excellent advertisement for the breed and the breeders, and in this connection it is well to note that this notable achievement by Ontario men was made possible through the Ontario Department of Agriculture assisting the shipment of live stock to a foreign exhibition. The assistance given consists of payment of the freight on exhibit, payment of entry fees, and certain other expenses in connection with the dressing and advertising the exhibit.

It was generally conceded at Indianapolis that the Ontario exhibit was one of the most uniform, and of highest average quality in that great show of Holsteins. The exhibit was also well staged and altogether it was one of the most attractive points of interest in the exhibits at the exhibition.

Following is a list of the winnings:

BULLS.

Class.	Name of Animal.	Exhibitor.	Total Entries	Ontario Entries	Prizes Won.
Aged	Sir Princey Mercena Burke	D. A. McPhee, Yankleek Hill	41	3	2nd
2 yrs. old	King Paul Korndyke Pontiac	T. B. Bell, Kincardine	17	1	10th
1 yr. old	Sir Star Laura Segis	W. J. Elgie, S. Ste. Marie	13	1	1st
6 months	Count Paul Calamity Veeman	C. H. Cornwall, Norwich	13	1	2nd
Calf	Bill Pontiac of Crystal Spring	Haley & Lee, Springford	33	1	7th
	19th Sir Burke of Crystal Spring	D. A. McPhee, Yankleek Hill			10th
		W. J. Elgie, S. Ste. Marie			0

xBelle Calamity Wayne was awarded the Senior and Grand Championship for cows and
Sir Star Laura Segis the Junior Championship for bulls.

COWS.

Class.	Name of Animal.	Exhibitor.	Total Entries	Ontario Entries	Prizes Won.
Aged	Belle Calamity Wayne	Haley & Lee, Springford	41	3	1st
4 yrs. old	Angele Sylvia	McGhee Bros., Roseberville	17	1	3rd
3 yrs. old	Ourortinwa Queen Colantha Ter	W. J. Elgie, S. Ste. Marie	24	2	11th
2 yrs. old	Spruceulac Jemima Pride	D. Smith & Son, Glanford	34	2	1st
1 yr. old	Alcatra Colantha Ormsby	Haley & Lee, Springford	20	2	2nd
18 months	Abbekerk Susie Girl	Haley & Lee, Springford	20	2	4th
	Lady Dutch Abbekerk	Haley & Lee, Springford			1st
2 yrs. old	Mona Abbekerk Segis Maple	John J. Imrie, Stratford	20	1	3rd
	Maggie Calamity Keyes	W. J. Elgie, D. Smith & Son			0
1 yr. old		Schell Bros., Woodstock, W. S.	20	1	4th
Heifer calf		W. J. Elgie, S. Ste. Marie	42	1	1st
Get of sire		Albertine Abbekerk DeKol			4th
State herd		Ontario Holsteins			1st

Forests of Camphor.

One of the most important of Japan's monopolies is the camphor production of the island of Formosa. The present area of camphor afforestation is 10,050 acres, and some of the trees are from 500 to 1,000 years old.

Wanted Pleasure Prolonged.

Julia was invited to a birthday party given at an exclusive tearoom. When she was asked to choose dessert she said: "I believe I'll take gum—it will make the party last longer."

"TIPS" ARE NOT WELCOMED.

Russia Has Made Everybody a Proletarian.

"Sir," said the barber of Crasow, as I held out a tip, "we do not accept gratuities."

I probably looked as bewildered as I felt, for the barber seemed to feel that some explanation of his extraordinary conduct was needed, writes Rothoy Reynolds in a London paper.

"We receive good wages," he said, "and we do not consider it is noble to take tips. A man who takes a tip acknowledges that he is an inferior, and with that aphorism he bowed me respectfully out of the shop.

It was the same in Warsaw. In the cafes there is a charge of 15 per cent. for the attendance on the bill for a glass of beer or a cup of coffee, and in restaurants, where one spends more than in cafes, a charge of 10 per cent.

"This charge for attendance is on the bill," said the waiter in a cafe firmly, and pushed back the tip I had put on the little marble table.

A friend of mine urged a waiter who had served him during a week's stay in a Warsaw hotel to accept something, and met with an obstinate refusal.

"But you have looked after me so well," said my friend.

"If the gentleman desires to show his satisfaction," said the waiter, "perhaps he will offer me a cigar."

You can level up or level down. In Russia they had made everybody a proletarian and in Poland everybody a gentleman.

In Poland, as in Italy and Spain, one talks in the third person only in the second when addressing relatives or inferiors or, I may add, sweethearts. In the old times before the war one said: "Will you, Jan," to a cabman. Do not be so familiar now, if you happen to go to Poland, or you may get as cheeky an answer as a Russian got from a Paris cabman when she called him "thou" instead of "you" and only remembered that she was in a democratic and not an autocratic country when he said, "Alors tu m'aimes, mo petite mere!" To the Polish cabman you must say, "Is the gentleman free?" and to the Polish chambermaid: "I beg the lady to bring me hot water."

The change came in the moment when freedom once looked on Poland and laughed with joy to see the White Eagle rising from the grave. It is a little thing, this change from the second person to the third, but like the proper pride of the barber of Cracow, it indicates that the resurrection of Poland involved a revolution.

"LADY OF THE LAKE."

Story of Sir Walter Scott's Famous Poem.

Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake," tells the story of Ellen Douglas, a beautiful maiden, once a favorite of King James V. of Scotland, but who, when her father fell into disgrace, retired with him into the vicinity of Loche Kathrine. Ellen, of course, is the actual "lady of the lake." The king, in following the chase, outstripped his followers, and became the guest (as James Fitz-James) of Ellen Douglas and her aunt, Margaret, mother of Roderick Dhu, a Highland chieftain, who had harbored Ellen and her father at his own risk. Roderick desires to marry the maid, but she loves another, Malcolm Greame. Ellen does not give her name to the disguised Fitz-James, and he goes away. Roderick, believing that James V. intends to attack him, calls the clan to battle by means of the fiery cross. Supposing that the countryside is still peaceful, James returns to seek Ellen, gives her a ring whereby she can ask the king a boon, and (thought by Roderick to be a spy) is guided on his way by one of Roderick's men. James is to be led into an ambush and killed. He is warned by a crazed damsel who had been snatched from the Lowlands by the Highlanders and kept a captive. Roderick's man aims an arrow at James but hits the woman, and is killed by the king. The dying woman makes James promise to kill Roderick Dhu. He has great difficulty in escaping out of the hills and finally is succored by Roderick himself. In the morning he gives such offence to the chieftain by his frank speech that the Highlander discloses his identity and challenges him to mortal combat. The fight is a desperate one, and the king only escapes, when Roderick, severely wounded, faints from loss of blood. The king summons a few followers, and Roderick is taken away, a prisoner. Douglas, who had gone to surrender himself, is also taken prisoner. Roderick dies of his wounds. Ellen seeks the king, discovers his identity with Fitz-James, finds that he and her father are already reconciled, and is given Malcolm Greame—as a mock prisoner—by James.

Radium's Rival.

Radon, a new discovery, costs £5,000,000 an ounce. Although it is the most expensive substance in the world, its use will make the treatment of cancer cheaper. It is a gas-like emanation of radium and will be cheaper to use than radium because it is 160,000 times as active.

Radon is put up in tiny glass "seeds" the thickness of a human hair. The supply is inexhaustible, but it has the disadvantage of short life. It loses half its activity in about four days, while radium maintains half of its weight at the end of 1,700 years.

Londoners Darker Haired.

Londoners are gradually becoming darker of hair and complexion, which type thrives better under the conditions of city life.

Our Money.

In 1858 Canada adopted the decimal system of currency.

Might Be Good Idea.

Jud Tunkins says there would never be any coal shortage if all the people who used to sing "Down in a Coal Mine" would get picks an' shovels an' be as good as their word.

None But Japs Admitted.

Amid restaurants of all nationalities in London open to all nationalities, is just one for one race alone. On its entrance is "For Japanese Only."

"PUTTY" OF THE NAVY

CHIEF PAINTER IS HEAVIEST SAILOR AFLOAT.

Comedian Tells a Few Yarns About His Experiences—Known as "Mr. Apple Dumplings"—Fried Chops In Soap and Powder.

"Call me 'Putty'," said Chief Painter Philpott to the Tit-Bits man. "Everyone does."

"Putty," who is soon to retire on pension after twenty-two years' service, is a huge man. He turns the scale at 208 pounds and is the heaviest sailor afloat. He has a smooth expensive face, usually wreathed in smiles.

"It's a wonder I ever joined the navy," he said. "As a youngster I was keen on the stage, but my parents thought the services more respectable! My brother, however, used to work at the old Metropole Theatre in Devonport, where I was born, and I actually appeared on the stage there as a small boy.

"I spent a short time in the Royal Engineers at Chatham, but I did not care for the life and bought my discharge. The very next day I was in the navy. I had always been keen on entertaining, and I became established as Chief Comedian R.N. during the war, when there was a big demand for concerts.

"A funny thing happened on board the Gurkha. In a comic cook and policeman scene we conceived the idea of putting a bulldog in an empty cheese crate with a tablecloth flung over it, and releasing him at a given moment into a gigantic bottomless pie, so that when I cut the crust the dog sprang out.

"At the first performance the trick was very effective, but at the second time of asking the animal refused to enter the box, despite the inducement of unlimited chocolates, of which he was fond.

"My partner, giving up esjoiery, at last ceased the unwilling performer into the crate and we were able to begin the 'turn.' On bringing out of the pie, however, the bulldog caught sight of my partner in his policeman's uniform, and, remembering the blow, chased him round the stage with his teeth in the seat of his trousers. The audience was delighted, but my partner had such an uncomfortable time that he insisted on this part of the program being dropped.

"I shall always remember giving a show to a crowd of ranchers in South America. They were so pleased that they insisted on killing a sheep for me.

"When we were at sea I told my messmates on the Active that I should have something special for them for dinner—mutton chops. They all spruced themselves for the occasion, and I went to the cook's gallery to fry chops and potatoes. The cook took the mutton out of the refrigerator, but told me he had no fat.

"Thinking he was not too truthful, I foraged about in his absence and found some, as I thought, in a tin. The first man to taste the 'delicacy,' however, nearly had a fit. I had fried the chops in soft soap and powder!

"Of course," said 'Putty,' "my weight has always been a subject for banter in the navy. Once, in Trinidad, the bottom came out of a native cab in which I was riding, and in Malta the shafts of a vehicle came off and the pony went on without me. My worst experience was in Gibraltar, when I was leaving the Assembly Rooms to go to the Police Club to give a performance. I stepped into a cab and completely ruined it, the horse taking fright and bolting. Though there were other conveyances at hand, none of the drivers would risk taking me, and I had to walk to the club, a distance of a mile or so.

"Let me tell you a story against myself. It happened on the Hood. On paint-ship days a tremendous amount of paint is used on this huge vessel, and after getting together the requisitions for the various sorts of color used, I would shout, 'Who wants black?' 'Who wants grey?' and so on. There is one paint, known as 'flattening,' used as a foundation for enamelling, and on one occasion this happened:—

"'Who wants black?' I shouted.

"'I do,' replied a voice.

"'Who wants grey?'

"'I do.'

"'Who wants flattening?'

"'You do, you old blighter'."

Despite his bulk, "Putty" dances nimbly. He usually appears in baggy trousers and small hat, and his favorite song is "Apple Dumplings." He once received a letter from Barbados addressed: "Mr. Apple Dumplings, British Navy," which found him without trouble.

Mica.

Mica, so named from its being easily divided into glistening scales, consists of silica and alumina, associated with magnesia, soda and lime in varying proportions. Thus we have potash mica, consisting of silica, alumina and potash; and magnesia mica, in which the alumina is partially replaced by magnesia, passing—as the proportion of magnesia increases—into soft talc, which is chiefly composed of silica and magnesia.

The Office Boy's Trouble.

The office boy had been sitting for hours at a typewriter, gazing vacantly into distance, and the force was becoming worried. "He's sick," suggested the kindly, old, gray-haired bookkeeper, but the blonde stenographer insisted there must have been some tragedy at home. The suspense ended when the lad suddenly turned to the fat claim clerk and inquired: "Say, Mr. Jones, how do you spell Thelma?"

Suffer for Sins of Others.

"There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread," says George Eliot in Adam Bede. It is only too true that we cannot bear punishment alone. And usually our mistakes entail worse suffering on those who love us than they do on ourselves. Just as on the other hand our successes and rewards bring more joy to our dear ones than to ourselves. "No man liveth to himself alone."

Arctic Light.

At noon of December 21, the shortest and darkest day of the year, we could easily detect a faint glow of light in the south. The true darkness of night is a result of the complete disappearance of all traces of twilight, which occurs when the sun reaches a point of 18 degrees below the horizon. Our latitude was 78 degrees 20 minutes, therefore the sun at this time was only about 12 degrees below the horizon.—From "Four Years in the White North," by Donald B. McMillan.

When Piano Was New.

The first public performance on a piano was at Covent Garden, London, 152 years ago. The invention of the instrument is credited to Cristofalli, an Italian; J. C. Schroter, a German, and Marius, a Frenchman. The first crude pianofortes were made early in the eighteenth century, but for many years they received no serious consideration from musicians. Johannes Zump, a German, established the first piano factory in England, and it was he who built the instrument that was used in Covent Garden.

Fingers Tireless Travelers.

Typists' fingers are the most amazing travelers in creation, and are capable of going tremendous distances without the fatigue that would come to the feet and legs in performing a similar journey. In ordinary typewriting the hand may travel, according to an expert, 10,000 miles a year and not indicate any impairment in efficiency. This refers, of course, to the average typist in an office.

Poor Papa!

"Father, you took a science degree at college, didn't you?" "Yes, my boy; I spent two years on science." "When you look in a mirror the left side of your face appears to be the right side and the right side seems to be the left. The looking-glass reverses it, doesn't it?" "Yes, my lad." "Then, why, papa, doesn't it reverse the top and bottom of your face in the same way?"

About the Diamond.

The diamond is the hardest stone known. Its name (French, diamant) is derived from the Greek adamao—untamable. The word was probably attached to the stone because it conveyed the idea of invincible hardness. No acid will scar it; no solvent will dissolve it. Ages may pass without dimming the luster of its adamantine face.

Male and Female Swimmers.

Swimming comes easier to women than men because the specific gravity of their bodies is less than those of men. The proportion of flesh is greater in the body of a woman than in that of a man and the proportion of bone is less. Therefore the woman is lighter in proportion to her size and floats more readily. This gives her an advantage as a swimmer.

Any Ford model may be purchased on easy payments from your local authorized Ford dealer. The moderate down payment entitles you to take immediate delivery of your car and you can pay for it at your convenience during the year.

Your local Ford dealer will gladly show you the Ford Christmas Gift Certificate which enables the giver of a Ford to announce the gift in the most fitting manner. Delivery can also be arranged for any desired time on Christmas morning.

SEE YOUR NEAREST AUTHORIZED FORD DEALER

C. A. ANDERSON & SON FORD DEALERS NAPANEE, ONT.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils. Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,

Next to Eaton's.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

Everything clean and sanitary.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

We carry a full line of pipes, cigarettes and tobacco. Our prices are right

Bring your films to us. 25 years experience at developing and printing. Enlargements made on short notice. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Dutch Bulbs

All Varieties

Good Wheat

For Hen Feed

Poultry Spices, Beef Scrap, Tankage

—at—

GEO. E. WINTER,

Seed Store

Dundas St. Phone 78.

WE SELL FOR LESS

2 lbs. mixed candy for	25c.
Try Tuco Catsup large bottle	23c.
1 can pure jam	50c.
20 bars White Naptha Soap	$1.00
24 bars Lennox Soap	$1.00
1 lb. mixed nuts for	23c.
1 lb. shortening for	15c.
1 lb. shelled Walnuts	40c.
2 lbs. raisins	25c.
1 qt. Molasses for	15c.
1 lb. peanuts	18c.

Wood, Salt, Feed.

A Penny Saved is Worth 2 Made.

Denison Bros.

North Centre Street.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO.

CORNS end the pain quickly, *safely*

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Then end the misery of corns by eliminating the cause, *friction-pressure*. No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Zino-pads are *thin*; antiseptic, waterproof. They protect while they heal. Separate toes for corns, callouses and bunions. Call today and get a box of this new, magic corn treatment.

***Dr Scholl's* Zino-pads**

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Sold by every druggist in the world. Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies.

The Haines Shoe Houses

Daily's Good Tea is dependable—When you buy a pound you know with certainty that you will serve a tea rich in flavor and of the proper strength, one that will make the members of your family or your guests exclaim, "What a splendid cup of tea." This famous brand for sale at WALLACE'S DRUG STORE.

Electrical Goods.

Electric Irons, Toasters, Heaters, make useful and acceptable Christmas gifts. See them at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

A "Want Adv." in the columns of The Express brings results.

See Lille's Grey Shoppe first, advertised on front page.

Application is being made for the release of Peter Smith from Kingston penitentiary.

Choice cordwood and hardwood slabs, dry, sound and good size. Phone 356-J, WILFRED S. WILSON. 2-d

The congregation of Trinity United Church were delighted on Sunday evening to hear Mr. W. D. Rockwell sing.

On Tuesday evening last, the Mission Circle of Grace United Church were entertained by Mrs. T. V. Anderson, at her home, South Napanee. A splendid Christmas program was presented, after which light refreshments were served. The meeting brok up about 10.30, all voting Mrs. Anderson a very charming hostess.

Napaneeans will regret to learn of the passing of Miss Mary Dunwoody, of Newburgh, whose funeral was held at the residence of her brother, Mr. T. A. Dunwoody, on Saturday. The deceased will be remembered by many, she having lived for a long number of years in the township of North Fredericksburgh, and later moving to Napanee, where she resided for a time, before removing to Newburgh.

A very appropriate and pleasing interlude to the morning service at Grace Church on Sunday, was the presentation to the members of the Young Worshippers' League of handsome bound volumes, the presentation being made by the pastor, Rev. A. J. Terrill. The League consists of nearly 100 teen age boys and girls and the presentation of a book to each one is the reward for faithful attendance at the morning services during the past year. Coming as it did at this season of the year the presentation was most appropriate.

W. A. Rockwell ,a former well-known resident of Napanee, died suddenly on Wednesday last at Oak Harbour, Mich. Mr. Rockwell, when a resident of Napanee, was in the piano business and was choir leader in Trinity Church for a number of years. He left Napanee about 14 years ago, going first to Detroit and later to Oak Harbour. The remains were brought to Napanee on Friday and the funeral took place on Saturday morning, from the residence of his brother, Mr. Nelson Rockwell. Three sons, Messrs. Ferdinand Rockwell Jackson, Mich., Will D. Rockwell, Detroit, Mich., and Algy Rockwell, Desmoines, Iowa, remain.

THE QUESTION SOLVED

A Gift no one else can give is your photograph made by the

SKITCH STUDIO

Photos taken for Christmas until the 21st—rain or shine.

"And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Mat. 1-21 ; "And he sent them to Bethlehem and said, 'Go search diligently for the young child, and when ye have found him, bring me word again that I may come and worship him also.' When they had heard the King they departed ; and lo the star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy. And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him ; and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto him gifts ; gold, frankincense and myrrh." Mat. 2 : 8-11.

I left it all with Jesus long ago,
All my sins I brought Him, and my woe,
When by faith I saw Him, on the tree,
Heard His small, still whisper, "'Tis for thee."
From my heart the burden rolled away, happy day.

A BIBLE LOVER.

"You husband'll be all right now," said an English doctor to a woman whose husband was dangerously ill.

"Wot d'yer mean ?" demanded the wife. "You told me 'e couldn't live a fortnight."

"Well, I'm going to cure him after all," said the doctor, "surely you're glad ?"

The woman wrinkled her brows "Puts me in a bit of an 'ole," she said, "I bin and sold all 'is clothes to pay for 'is funeral."

—Edwards' Annual.

CHRISTMAS FILLING

I hate to say it just because
It sounds so mean and shocking;
But nature beat you, Santa Claus,
At filling Peggy's stocking.

—Tiger.

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,

Napanee, - Ontario

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mr. Arthur Caton is quite ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Laidley, Kingston, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Willett Vanalstine.

Miss Mary Daly entertained a number of her young friends on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Webster and family spent Sunday in Gananoque.

Mr. Herbert Wilson returned from Kingston General Hospital on Saturday.

Miss Loretta Hall, Brockville, spent last week the guest of Mrs. Dr. Hall.

Mrs. E. R. Miller and daughter, Grace, Morven, spent last week the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Scott.

Miss Maria Hough, Gretna, who has been quite ill since her return from Toronto, is improving nicely.

Miss Willoughby, who has been the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Willoughby, left last week for Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. K. Edgecombe, Belleville, spent the week-end the guets of her mother, Mrs. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rockwell, Detroit, and Mr. Algy Rockwell, Des Moines, Iowa, were in Napanee attending the funeral of their father, the late W. A. Rockwell.

Little Glennie Lowry, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lowry, returned from the Kingston General Hospital on Dec. 3rd, after spending six weeks there. He is much improved from his accident.

MARRIAGES

Sagriff—Rose—At the Vicarage, Napanee, on Saturday, Dec. 12th, 1925, by Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M.A., William Sagriff to Sophronia Ellen, daughter of William Rose, both of the Township of Portland.

DEATHS

Rockwell—At Oak Harbour, Ohio, on Wednesday, Dec. 9th, 1925, W. A. Rockwell, aged 75 years.

Shetlon—At the House of Refuge, on Tuesday, Dec. 8th, 1925, Caroline Shetlor, formerly of South Napanee.

Penon de Coron.

Few persons besides Chinese traders visit the forbidding shores of rock-bound Penon de Coron. The rugged beauty of its towering cliffs, with their dark and jagged outlines against the southern sky, is lost upon the natives, who see them only as a source of revenue. By swinging from ropes or climbing ladders they scour these rocks for the tiny nests from which are concocted the famous bird nest soup. These nests they sell to oriental traders by thousands, who come regularly to barter for this delicacy of Chinese fare.

Trees of Sorrow.

The Persian "Trees of Sorrow" are so called because they bloom only at night. When the first star appears in the sky the first flower opens and as the evening advances more and more buds burst into bloom until the lovely tree appears to be one vast flower. It has a delicate fragrance not unlike the scent of the evening primrose. As the dawn approaches the flowers begin to fade until by sunrise not a bloom is to be seen.

Unique London Club.

Of the many clubs in London, perhaps the newest and most exclusive is the Thirteen Club, which meets at the thirteenth hour of the thirteenth day of every month. It owes its inception to a lunch held to celebrate the armistice during the world war, at which it was found that 13 were sitting down. The membership is restricted to 13, and at a recent lunch every member made it a point to upset the salt.

Where the Grocer Was.

Doris' mother was in the habit of ordering her bread at Smith's grocery. One day while entertaining callers they heard Doris in the next room talking through her toy telephone, asking Central for Smith's grocery, when she called: "Mother, Mr. Smith isn't at home." "Where do you suppose he is?" replied the mother. Doris answered: "Why, he's up in heaven getting our daily bread."

Condition to Avoid.

The dangerous moment in life comes when men begin to over-value the past at the expense of the present. It is the moment of religious controversies, for ancestor worship, for narrowing in, for exalting one set of people and excluding another. When we reach it, it means that we are growing old. But we need never reach it.—Exchange.

Almost Universal Symbol.

The swastika symbol has been found depicted on tombs at Hissarlik, near ancient Troy; on Buddhistic inscriptions in India, in Etruscan necropolises, on coins of Gaza and Corinth; on rock carvings in Sweden, and on Celtic stones in Britain. In America in pre-Columbian times, it was in common use by the aborigines.

Largest Deer Park.

Copenhagen has the largest inclosed deer park of any city in the world. Its area is about 4,200 acres.

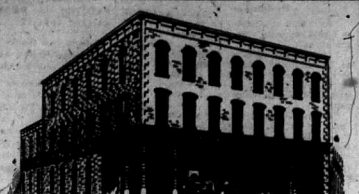
Apes Have Long Hair.

The black apes of Guinea have long, silky hair, and their fur is used for muffs and capes.

Tennis an Old Game.

Tennis was played as early as the twelfth century.

Let Every Home and Every Heart Know The Happiness of Christmas



Don't Lose the Joy of Christmas Giving by Shopping too Late Do Yours To-Day

The Christmas Stampede is on. Let Robinson's help you say "Merry Christmas" more effectively than you have ever said it before

Every Department is ready, ready with Gifts of Quality that will please discriminating men and women in every walk of life.

WE'RE READY, SO COME

Here you will find tables, counters, booths, filled to the brim with merchandise that has the Christmas appeal. Get ahead of the crowds that will come later. Shop now from complete stocks, with more leisure, and greater comfort.

FOR THE MALE MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

Jimmy's Present
A Sports Pullover
Hot Dog !

Get Tommy a Cap.
A practical gift.

We suggest
NECKWEAR.
We have what he will like.

For Husband or Son
A Fine Shirt
A real "Style" Gift

Sound Advice :—
If in doubt—
GIVE GLOVES

Handkerchiefs
are appreciated gifts.
No one has too many.

"FANCIES"
The right socks for gifts.

Is he a Golfer?
Give him golf apparel.

OH MEN !
We sell women's hosiery..
A fine Christmas Gift.

The best Christmas suggestion :
GIVE HIM SOMETHING TO WEAR

His initial on the Buckle.
Give Him a Belt
In a beautiful gift box.

For Father
A Bathrobe.
A gift that will last

For a lucky man
A Silk Scarf.

He has waited for Christmas
For someone to get him
A Warm Wool Muffler.

Someone on your list wants
Suspenders and Garters.

These Sweater Coats
are ideal house coats.
He will appreciate one.

These gifts have Style
Jacquard Pullovers.
The new patterns

BUY HIS GIFTS AT HIS SHOP
We know what he likes.

Not Christmas Neckwear
But NECKWEAR that
makes Splendid Christmas Gifts.

On ever Christmas List
Glove, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery.
His choice at your price.

"The Night Before Christmas"
A happy occasion but a poor
shopping time.
Select your Christmas Gifts now.

Toys for the boy ?
Of Course.
But also get him
Something to wear.

FOR THE WOMEN FOLK OF THE FAMILY

Mary's present
A Sport Pullover Sweater.
White or Colored.

GiveGrace a Scarf.
Nothing more pleasing.

We suggest
NECKWEAR
For Big Sister.

For Mother or Daughter
New Evening Dress.
We show them in many colors.

Acceptable always
If in doubt—
Give Gloves.

Handkerchiefs
Always popular. We
have a splendid assortment.

"FANCIES"
Lovely new styles in
Umbrellas.

If she is sportive
Give her Sport's Wear.

For Mother
A cosy Kimono.
A gift that will last.

For Baby's comfort.
Fur Carriage Robes
with pockets.

Women folk look
For Sweaters at
Xmas. Wise men choose
at Robinson's.

Some boy or girl
would appreciate a
good book. We have
many fine selections.

MEET THE XMAS SPIRIT IN TOYLAND.

STOCKS ARE MELTING FAST. SHOP EARLY

DOLLS—In endless variety. Walking, talking and sleeping dolls, beautifully dressed in the newest fashions. Priced from 19c. each to $5.50.

Mechanical Toys—Greatest assortment in years. They're interesting and instructive, substantially made and gaily decorated. Priced from 25c. each and up.

TRAINS, a Toy that every boy loves and longs to own. You can satisfy that longing very economically at Robinson's.
Wind-up trains at 50c. and up to $5.00.

GAMES, dozens and dozens of them, all the old favorites and many new ones.

LET YOUR GIFT BE ONE LONG REMEMBERED. CHOOSE ONE OF OUR FUR COATS

Be sure Mr. Santa Claus that this very acceptable gift carries a Robinson Company label. It is her guarantee that your gift is of the finest quality and that it is authentic in style. It is also your guarantee of a sound investment.

Our assortment of Fur Coats was never more varied. It is an all star cast comprising newest models in

Plain and Novel Natural Muskrats.
Plain and Trimmed Persians.
Plain and Trimmed French Seals.
Plain and Trimmed Hudson Seals.

Our policy here enables us to quote you extremely low prices.

CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTIONS

There is no home where the gift of a pair of these beautiful soft fleecy blankets will not be appreciated. No matter how many blankets your friends possess there is always a bed to adorn with beauty and to cover with the luxurious comfort of **KENWOOD PURE WOOL BLANKETS.** Twelve charming colors and patterns to meet every decorative requirement.

Woven of pure long fibre wool, their long fleecy nap gives extra warmth with light weight. Preshrunk to hold shape and size when washed. Colors from the most permanent dyes obtainable. Kenwoods will be lovely and serviceable years after ordinary blankets must be replaced.

60 x 84 in., **$9.25 each ;** 72 x 84 in., **$10.50 each.**
Come in plain shades of Apricot, Rose, Green, Blue, Tan.
Also in Checks, bound with 3 in. Satin Ribbon.

Kenwood Baby Blankets are made of the same soft fleecy fabric as big Kenwood's, and in the proper size for the tiny one's crib. Bound all around with satin ribbon to match. Just the gift for Baby, size 36 in. x 54 in., at $5.25 each.

MAKE THE HOME A CHRISTMAS GIFT CHOOSE BARRYMORE RUGS AND MATS

In "Barrymore" brand you have the very finest procurable on this continent. They are Canadian made from finest of imported yarns. Only permanent dyes are used, hence the most delicate tones are lasting. We guarantee "Barrymore" Rugs to give lasting satisfaction.

Obtainable in colorings luxuriously blended to harmonize with any scheme desired.

Our department will gladly display them for you.

PRE-INVENTORY "HALF-PRICE" SALE OF WOMEN'S AND MISSES' WINTER COATS

FEATURING 45 FUR-TRIMMED GARMENTS

In the hurly,burly of Christmas shopping do not overlook this splendid Christmas gift, which our coat section is offering you. In fact they are worthy of a special trip to our store. All of our exclusive, individualy styled coats are included. Featured are straight and flare type coats, made up in all the season's most fashionable cloths and colors. Each is luxuriously fur-trimmed and dependably lined.

This sale of Coats comes usually in January.
Regular prices $35.00 to $100.00 Sale prices $17.50 to $50.00.
Women's and Misses' sizes.

BLACK AND COLORED PARASOLS—Latest style of handles, $2.50 to $7.50 each.
DRESS LENGTHS in Novelty Wool materials, checks and plaids. $5.95 to $7.48 per length of 2¼ and 3 yards.
DRESS LENGTH of Black Duchess Satin, 36 in. wide, regular $2.50 yd., for $1.59 per yard.
DRESS LENGTH of 54 in. Flannel. Choose from 15 new winter colors. $1.75 per yd.
COAT LENGTH for the boy or girl, 54 in., heavy wool Coatings, 10 colors, $1.50 per yd.
SILK BROADCLOTH, in rich new colorings. Special $1.00 yd.

If Mother has parties
She would like covers
for her Bridge tables.

Rubber Aprons
Should be on every
Xmas list.

If he tinkers
Give him Mechanical Toys.

To the Girl away
From home—send Towels
We have them in
Singles, pairs and dozens.

If Santa is generous
Give her one of our
Guaranteed Fur Coats.

To Girls from Girls
Lingerie, nothing could
be wiser. See our lovely
new Underthings.

For Juniors
Table and Chair Sets
Toy department.

Baby Dolls
No Xmas tree is complete
without them.

Gifts supreme
Cut Glass and China
See our Xmas assortments.

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.
LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.